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VACATION.

The summons of the evening calls
  Across her silences the bird,
And homeward ere the cool dew falls,
  Winds slowly back the joyous herd

Through grasses deep. And homes are rife
  With faint commotion; footsteps go
Like little bars of music; life
  Is rising to its purest flow.

I catch the voices and the gleams,
  And, half unconscious, linger late
Amid the dust, and fashion dreams,
  And hear my angel murmur, "Wait!"
—Richard Clark Wooten in Atlanta Constitution.

CHLOE.

There was a great noise! Shouts—hoarse, shrill, sweet, harsh! The deep bass of young men; the feeble quavering of old ones; the silvery tones of women; the high falsetto of children; all mingling in delight and exultation, and without a shadow of pity for the miserable wretches whose lives were passing slowly out of their mangled bodies through a score of wounds. The late afternoon sun beat down hotly on thousands of heads, save where on one side friendly walls afforded a shelter from its rays. In the great open arena—the sky its only canopy—a haze of dust, with the heavy vapors always attendant upon a vast concourse of people, made the atmosphere so hard to breathe that the multitude gasped with the effort between its shouts.

Fans waved in a thousand bejeweled hands, but the artificial current of air thus created was hardly perceptible. It was hot—steamily hot, and anything but a Mexican audience, which had just witnessed the slaughter of one of the fiercest and gamest bulls that ever put a matador in deadly peril, would long ago have left the building.

"That matador is a brave fellow. How neatly he found the heart with one plunge below the shoulder. He handles his sword like a master, eh, senor?" said a dark visaged, powerfully built Mexican, as he fanned himself with his large sombrero, and looked in the face of a quiet looking, well dressed man at his side.

"Yes. He is a skillful swordsman, undoubtedly," was the reply of the well dressed man, in unmistakable northern accents.

And then the carcasses of the wretched horses killed under the picadors, together with that of the bull which had furnished most of the entertainment, having been dragged out of sight and the sawdust raked over and smoothed down, the picadors, banderillos, chulos and matador, ready for another fray, filed into the open space in their gaudy trappings, and, with cloaks, darts, spears and other accouterments displayed, bowed to the spectators, took up their respective positions and prepared for the onslaught of the last bull to be killed that day.

The sport went on. The picadors, on their old, broken down horses, circled around the miserable bull brought out to be baited, and teased him into a rage, with the assistance of the banderillos, who deftly planted their sharp goads, ornamented with rosettes, in the bull, until he was covered with fluttering ribbons. The chulos, with their gaudy cloaks, did their part in attracting the bull's attention when the sport waxed dangerously warm for its tormentors. Then, at last, the dignified matador, red cloak on arm and long, cruel rapier ready for action, appeared, gave the foaming, wearied bull his coup de grace, received the plaudits of the audience gracefully and retired as the building slowly emptied itself.

The well dressed man, with the northern accent, had sat through the performance quietly and with the air of one who had nothing particular to do or he would not have been there. Sunday bullfights evidently interested him but slightly. His eyes were turned toward the arena, because from his seat it was easier to look in that direction than in any other, but any one could have seen that his thoughts were far away.

"Edward Payson," he was saying to himself, as a scornful smile passed over his handsome features, "what are you doing here with that letter in your pocket, showing you how foolish you are in putting off your happiness? Because you have been an exile for ten years is it necessary for you to stay away from home another ten years, when the one girl you ever loved beseeches you to return? If she did tell you then that what you hoped could never be, can you not believe that she was mistaken in her own heart, and that long absence has taught her that she does care for you? What other construction is to be put on the words in her letter?"

Edward Payson drew a letter from his pocket and looked at it earnestly, just as the bull in the ring transfixed a horse with one of its long horns, and buried the other in the arm of the unlucky picador on his back. Through all the hubbub of shouting that followed this incident, Edward Payson seemed to witness a scene very different from that spread before him. The letter, with the superscription in a refined, ladylike hand, had awakened a flood of memories that swept everything present away.

He saw a large, well kept lawn, fringed by sycamore, maple and oak, with the bright red of the sumach and the delicate white of the syringa relieving their somber shadows. He saw the massive architecture of a stone mansion, half hidden by the Virginia creeper and ivy which clung lovingly to its rugged walls. He saw the home of a noble Virginia family, with the simplicity of a republic enriched by the lavish taste of a race still authorized by the College of heraldry to display a shield with sixteen quarterings. He saw in the distance the colored laborers working in the fertile fields. He saw the whole picture in a golden frame of still summer weather, and he could almost feel on his cheek the gentle breeze from the Rappahannock as it rolled slowly past on its way to the sea.

The bull had broken away now and was dashing wildly around on the blood stained sawdust, with its hot eyes fixed on a picador waiting for the attack, while the multitude howled with excitement.

But Edward Payson paid no heed. He saw coming out of the front door of the mansion and surveying him with a saucy smile, as she stood on the veranda, a young girl in her teens, with a wealth of chestnut brown hair glinting in the morning sun. Her garden hat was swung carelessly by the ribbons from her hand, and the brown hair, just stirred by the breeze, seemed to ripple in harmony with the impulsive good nature expressed in her sweet face. The clear cut features, softened by an utterly unselfish disposition, were those of a natural aristocrat—the aristocracy which holds itself above paltry action and supercilious assumption, because it cannot help it.

He saw the girl run laughingly down the steps and accept his invitation for a stroll through the trees and shrubbery beyond the flower beds and lawn, and then—he saw her face as she told him that sisterly regard was all that she could ever feel for him, but that Chloe Payson would never cease to pray for his welfare as long as she lived.

"I was a fool," he muttered impatiently, as the noise accompanying the slaughter of the bull in the arena awoke him from his reverie. "If, instead of weakly despairing and leaving everybody and everything in old Virginia to come here among a strange people, I had staid and faced my fate like a man, who knows?"

He moved out of the great, hot amphitheater with the letter still in his hand. The streets were at their gayest, with all the action and bright color characteristic of a Mexican city on Sunday afternoon. Richly dressed ladies, with the lace mantilla thrown over their dark hair; gentlemen in American cut frock coats and broad sombreros; female beggars and flower sellers, each with the inevitable baby fastened to her back by a gay hued robozo, policemen, workmen, dogs, horses, carriages and the great mass of idle population crowded the main avenues and rendered locomotion necessarily deliberate.

Edward Payson made his way to his room in a quiet street, and for the twentieth time read the letter he had received the day before.

GREENFIELD, Va., June —— 18—.

MY DEAR—Why do you not come back? Why do you stay away so long from the old home? It is ten years that you have been away, and I only found out last week where you were. What made you go away so suddenly without saying goodby to anybody? I ought not to forgive you, but I do. You should have thought that perhaps the trouble which made you go might not have been so bad after all, and that people may not have meant all they said. No one knows that I am writing you this letter, and perhaps I ought not to do it, but I am longing to see my boy again and I do not care what folks may say. Do not wait to write, but come.

CHLOE PAYSON.

A week later Edward Payson stood in the grove of sycamores, oaks and maples, looking at the stone mansion of which he had been thinking so sadly amid the heat, dust and noise of the Mexican amphitheater. It was just such a morning of which he had dreamed. The sun was shining brightly, and the low hum of insects mingled with the shiver of the leaves over his head, as if trying to soothe him and quiet the fierce beating of his heart.

"How natural the old house looks. What a little change has been made here in ten years. It looks the same as it did yesterday. I wonder what my uncle will say to me. I wish Chloe had said something about him. We had a rather serious quarrel, I remember, the day before I left him. Perhaps he will tell me to go back again and resume the vagrant life that I know he thinks I have been leading. No, he would hardly say that to the son of his only brother, after his sacred promise to that brother to be as a father to me as long as we both lived

Besides he was always hot headed, and no doubt forgave me almost before I was out of the room. Ah, well, I shall soon know, and what do I care, so that Chloe has a welcome for me? It was near this spot that she spoke to me so kindly, and yet, oh, so coldly, when she told me that we—cousins—could never be lovers. Ah! There she is surely."

His breath came short as he caught sight of a white dress at one of the open windows under the veranda roof. He could not see the face of the wearer because a tangled mass of creeper hung in the way, but he knew it could be no one else save the girl, as he loved still to think her, whom he had come thousands of miles to see. The white dress moved away, and he walked slowly across the lawn, noting on every hand familiar objects that brought back his youth in a flood of fragrance.

How weak he felt as he ascended the steps to the veranda. Where was Chloe? Would she come to the door?

He pulled the bell handle and heard the clang that he remembered so well resounding through the house. He could see it in his mind's eye swinging near the rear of the long hall that ran straight through from the front door to that opening on the yard at the back, where the old cook's cabbages and tomatoes were carefully tended, and where it was as much as one of the kitchen girls' life would have been worth to trespass. He remembered how the old bell had, to his youthful imagination, possessed ghostly attributes, and how he used to fancy it moved of itself in the dusk of the evening, shaking its head in mockery and threatening to swallow him up into its rusty throat.

Listen! There is a step in the hall. Somebody is coming. The door opened a little way, and the flutter of a white dress caught his eye. Impatiently he pushed the door wide open and put out his hand to take that of Chloe.

"Why, Mas'r Ed'ard! Ef I didn't t'ink you'd come back to yo poo ol auntie," and two black hands, in white sleeves, were placed on Edward Payson's shoulder, as a pair of hornrimmed spectacles fell with a crash to the floor.

"Yes, auntie. I got a letter, and I came right back to the old place. How are you, and how is my uncle, and how is—is"——

His voice faltered, but the old woman did not appear to notice it as she answered:

"Dey is all well, honey. Dere have been few changes roun here. Come in and let me give you something to eat. I've got some hot co'n cakes, like yer useter git when yo was a boy. Come along. Yo uncle's done gone away for all day."

"Oh, Auntie, I want you to"—said a child's voice, and a little girl with sunny golden hair came running along the hall just as Edward Payson used to run some thirty years before. She stopped when she saw him and clung close to the flustered old woman while she looked inquiringly at him.

"Yo know, Ed'ard, I did not know where yo had gone, but a colored man what works for Mr. Sherwood, the butcher, he was here and he tol me he heard as yo was in Mexica. And I thought yo'd had a little quarrel with yo uncle, and p'raps you'd be too proud to come back if he wrote to you, and so I got young Miss Mabel, over to Raleigh's place, who is just as good as a angel to col'ed folks and who writes splendid, to write to you, and"——

"And was the letter from you?" gasped Edward Payson, as he looked down at the golden haired little girl, while a terrible thought ran through his brain.

"Course it was, honey. Wa'n't it signed Chloe Payson, and ain't dat my name?"

"And—and—who is this little child?"

"That? Why, Miss Chloe's, of cou'se. She was married five years ago to young Mr. Willard, who, dey say, will be a judge next year. He is away today with yo'r uncle. But come up stairs and see Miss Chloe. What a fool I is to keep yo here with my chatterin, and you been away from her for ten years."

But Edward Payson, with some excuse—he never knew what—managed to get away from the house and into the sycamore and maple grove, where, with the stones of the old house just visible between the trees, and the fragrance of the syringa hovering like a half forgotten melody around his bowed head, he threw himself on the ground and nerved himself to bear such a heart wringing as fortunately comes to but a portion of poor humanity.

When, an hour later, he took her hand he felt sure she understood and pitied him, though not a word on the subject of his hopeless love has ever passed her lips—or his.—George C. Jenks in Pittsburg Bulletin.

THE PRIEST'S LEARNED LIZARD.

A Small Green Saurian That Showed Remarkable Intelligence.

Upon the office table of a prominent physician of this city lies a little green lizard with bright bead eyes, which guards the papers on the desk and is the subject of a little story the doctor is very fond of telling. "That tiny creature," the doctor said, "which is the object of one of the silliest and most groundless prejudices the human race cherishes from generation to generation, was the devoted and solitary friend of a dying man, showing an intelligence and love which would be considered remarkable in a dog.

"It was while spending a month in the little town of Las Cruces, N. M., that I made the acquaintance of a Catholic priest, Father Minter, who was dying of consumption, and no longer in service, but lingering in that warm climate, hoping to so prolong his life. He had no relatives in this country. He was a man of intelligence and wide information, and I found his society most pleasant.

"Visiting him one day I was startled to see a little green head peeping at me from under the priest's pillow. Following my gaze the father held out his hand to the lizard, which snuggled in it like a kitten.

"'My only friend,' he said, 'and the learned and accomplished Monsieur Vert—Mr. Green. Now, you must show the gentleman what you can do, Mr. Green.'

"He here produced a little ladder made of straw, which the lizard mounted at a word of command, and then descended carrying off the ladder on its back to the box in which it was kept. Then, being hidden, it brought out a miniature wine glass. 'Monsieur Vert has bad habits,' said the Father. 'He is a toper,' at which the little creature pretended to drain the glass, and when its master continued 'He can't walk straight,' began to wabble from side to side in a way that made me laugh most heartily.

"There is but one end for drunkards' produced a sudden flounce over on its back, a stiffening of the queer little feet and the poor toper was presumably dead. Only one twinkling eye kept watch on us to see what effect the scene would have. Father Minter pretended to weep, when Monsieur Vert jumped up, and, running to him, crept into his hand.

"'Now, you must tell us the dearest country in the world,' said the priest. 'One rap of the tail shall mean "No" and more than one "Yes." Now, then, Germany?' The tail gave a vigorous tap. 'No? Then perhaps Turkey?' Another single rap 'Well, say France? No? Then perhaps England?' At this the lizard rolled over and repeated the lying dead performance, but when its master called, 'How about Ireland?' it turned again and beat a regular tattoo with its tail.

"'So that's it, Monsieur Vert. But what have you to say of the United States?' The lizard expressed its enthusiasm by turning a slow and most impressive somersault. That ended the performance which had I not witnessed I would not have credited, but Father Minter assured me that it had not been the trouble to train the little creature that it was to teach tricks to a dog.

"The lizard made its home somewhere outside the priest's window, but spent much of its time running or sleeping on its ledge, and would often be for hours watching its friend. When he grew too weak to play with it, it would creep into his hand and never stir until he would command it to go home, when it would start perhaps a dozen times only to return and try and steal back to him.

"The day the priest died it could not be induced to leave him for a moment, and when he had breathed his last I had to remove the poor thing from his cold fingers. I meant to adopt the lizard for my own, but it fell a victim on the day of its master's funeral to the foolish prejudice I spoke of. An attendant seeing the little creature crawling about the couch where its dead friend lay, knocked it off and killed it with a broom, but I had it preserved."—New Orleans Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Goldsmiths in Rome.

Rome was the mother of art in Europe. Early in her history the popes, cardinals and other dignitaries of the Christian church fostered the sculptor, the painter and the goldsmith, and many of her citizens became famous through their patronage. They represented the wealth and the dignity of the city, and, although narrow, jealous and arrogant in many instances, they rendered a service to the world which has been widespread in its good effects. The splendor of the art which they encouraged for the purpose of advancing the cause of their religion survives in many works of art to this day Their efforts in this direction were not confined, however, to the decoration and enrichment of their sanctuaries and palaces, but extended to the ornamentation of their persons.

The goldsmiths of the time were among the first to create jewels possessing truly artistic features. Cellini was among those who owed their fame to the patronage of dignitaries of the church. Not only did he attain celebrity through the favor of a pope and numerous cardinals, but he also suffered in consequence of their petty jealousies and offended dignity; for which, however, it is but just to state that his own hasty temper was in no small degree responsible.—Jeweler's Weekly.

Snakes for Pets.

Yes, this is the latest, the very, excessively latest—snakes as pets and playthings. I would not believe it if I had not seen it myself.

Of course I know that the cultivation of snakes is a popular amusement with many members of the human family. It is the common, everyday snakes of the fields and gardens, and the school children of Ithaca, N. Y., are the ones who have taken to making pets of them.

It is never safe to sit down alongside of an Ithaca lad nowadays. First thing you know he will put his hand into his breeches pocket, perhaps, and pull out a little, live, wriggling, writhing fellow, all alive-o, and proceed to pet and play with it. The snakes appear to like it. They get plenty to eat and a warm place to lie in, and what more can a modest snake ask for.

As for me, I draw the line on snakes. A female party by the name of Eve or Eva got me into trouble once from fooling with a serpent, and I have been prejudiced against them ever since.—New York Herald.

Saw the Fashion Plate.

Mother—I am sure if your husband saw that beautiful fashion plate that came with the last magazine, he would get you one of those charming costumes right off.

Daughter—He—did—see—it.

"Did he? What did he say?"

"He said, 'What lovely faces!'"—New York Weekly.

It has been stated by one of the heads of departments of the London and Northwestern railway that that company issues yearly fifty tons of railway tickets. To look at a ticket one would hardly suppose it.

HOW MUCH A KNOT IS.

Method of Finding the Unit of Measurement for Speed at Sea.

How much is a knot? This question is asked, we believe, in every sea passage by some passenger or other, and never meets with a clear reply. Sailors themselves do not describe it distinctly, and books of reference differ as to its dimensions.

A knot is one-sixtieth of a mean degree of the earth's meridian. This definition requires explanation and also numerical computation. The earth's meridian is commonly described as any circle whose center is the center of the earth and whose circumference passes through the poles. This is not exact, because the meridian is not a true circle.

Evidently, it would be a true circle if the earth were a true sphere; but the earth is not a true sphere—it is a spheroid, its diameter measured on the axis being less than its diameter at the equator. Hence the circumference of a section of the earth by a plane passing through its center and the poles, which circumference is a meridian, is not a true circle, but an oval. Bearing this in mind, it will be easy to understand the meaning of a mean degree of the earth's meridian.

If 360 separate degrees be set off from the center of a perfect circle it is evident that the circular measure of each degree measured on the circumference of the circle will be the same. But if they be set off from the center of an oval the measurements on the circumference of the oval will not all be the same. That this is the case any one may demonstrate for himself by drawing an oval and its minor axis, and then, from the center of the oval, with radius equal to its semiminor axis, inscribing a circle in the oval. If, now, degrees, or rather, for convenience, equimultiples of a degree, be set off from the common center the geometry of the figure will show at once the variation in the circular measurements on the circumference of the oval.

Now, a mean degree of the earth's meridian is the average length of these 360 unequal measurements, and it is obtained by dividing the length of the meridian by 360. Astronomers have measured the earth's meridian and found it to be 131,259,287 English feet.

Dividing this by 360 we get 364,609.13 feet as the length of a mean degree of the meridian. One-sixtieth of this, then, is a knot, and thus by division a knot is found to be 6,076.818 feet, or 2,025.6 yards, or 1 mile 265.6 yards.

It will now be convenient to notice that, a knot being 6,076.818 feet, and a mile being 5,280 feet, the proportion of a knot to a mile is very nearly as 6,076 is to 5,280, or, dividing by 4, as 1,519 is to 1,320, which is very nearly as 15 to 13. So that for ordinary purposes knots may be converted into miles by taking thirteen knots as equal to fifteen miles, and vice versa.—Chambers' Journal.

After Fifteen Years.

A few miles out of the city of Bankok there is a mineral spring, and near it is a bungalow much frequented by the Europeans in the city. An Englishman says that one evening as he rode up to this bungalow, a gentleman was alighting from his howdah at the entrance.

As soon as he had dismounted, his elephant was moved to one side, and my driver, who was seated on the head of my elephant, ordered it to advance. The instant he spoke, the animal which had moved aside to make room for us flapped his great ears, and then turned sharply around, facing my driver.

Suddenly, without the least warning, he stretched out his long trunk and wrapped it about the body of my man. Then, before anybody had time to interfere, he raised him high in the air and brought him to the ground with tremendous force! As the poor fellow struck the earth we could hear his bones crack. But the elephant was not done with him. The next moment he had placed his huge foot on the head and chest of the prostrate driver. When he raised it again, all semblance of life was gone from the crushed, mutilated body.

The gentleman whose elephant had committed the terrible deed was greatly distressed. He said that he had purchased the animal from the king's pen, that it had always been exceedingly gentle and well disposed. The animal was blind, one eye having been put out by an attendant fifteen years previous.

It was my driver, I learned the next day, who had put out the elephant's eye. He was at the time one of the guards at the king's stockpen, and for some misdemeanor committed by the animal had thrown a stone which struck the creature full in the eye.

The elephant [illegible] at the sight of him that, fearing for his life, the man left the place. But the injured animal had bided his time, and after fifteen years of waiting had terribly punished his enemy.

An Anecdote of General Jackson.

General Jackson, while on one of his journeys to Tennessee about the time of the nullification excitement, arrived at a Virginian village in a very impatient state of mind, both with public affairs and with the state of the roads. The president was entertained as a guest at the house of a lady in the village, and although he tried to be polite, the state of vexation which he was in affected him visibly.

His hostess, at the supper table, was much alarmed to see the general swallowing, with great rapidity, a cup of almost boiling hot tea. "Wait—wait, general!" exclaimed the lady; "let me give you some cold water." "No, I thank you, ma'am," said the general, continuing to drink. "But I don't see how you can drink that boiling hot tea without scalding yourself." "No wonder you can't, ma'am," said Jackson; "I am scalding myself." "But, sir, why do you"— "Good gracious, ma'am!" exclaimed the general, "don't you see that I want to scald myself?" The lady refrained from making any further suggestions as to her distinguished guest's comfort.—Youth's Companion.

Remarkable Changes in Color of Hair.

The hair of Mary How, of Mapleton, Derby, at the age of 110, changed from gray to its original color. She died two years later, in 1751. Sir John Sinclair reports the case of an old Scotchman, who, at the same age, 110, regained the natural color of his hair. Dr. Stare states that his grandfather, a native of Bedfordshire, who died in his hundredth year, "at the age of eighty-five had a complete set of new teeth, and his hair from being a snowy white gradually became darker."—Hyland C. Kirk in New York Times.

Her Prayer.

A little Plainfield girl, who lives on Putnam avenue, takes great delight in deciphering with her mother the display type in various newspaper advertisements. After they had been through the newspaper a night or two ago the little one was put to bed, but first knelt at mamma's knee to say her prayers. She startled her mother with the following innovation on the Lord's Prayer, "Lord, make me pure." Then she hesitated, but continued a moment later, with added fervor, "Make me absolutely pure, like baking powder."—New York World.

How Paris Dog Stealers Work.

There is a means of stealing dogs which requires great dexterity. It consists in cutting the cord or chain of dogs that are led and carrying off the animal before its owner is aware of the theft. This is a risky dodge and does not always succeed. It is generally tried in crowds and with small dogs. These animals are always getting between the legs of pedestrians, and their owners—for the most part women—let go of the string in order that the animal may free himself. Then the toutou runs from one person to another, seeking to recognize his mistress. If he has the misfortune to wander a few steps away he is at once seized by the prowler, who is on the watch, and who conceals him under his coat. While the woman is looking for her dog in one direction, the thief scoots off in another.

When the dog is led by a man, the trick is not so easy. However, it succeeds sometimes. If, when the theft is discovered, the dog has no collar, the stealer pretends that he found the animal wandering in the street and is taking him to the pound. So the owner is obliged to go to the pound and claim his property. This visit costs him nine francs, two of which are given to the person bringing the animal there.

If the dog, when stolen, had a collar and plate bearing the owner's name and address, the thief first tries to take it off. But if he does not succeed he runs great risk of being arrested. When this case happens, he pretends that he was carrying the dog to the address marked on the collar. This excuse is not always accepted.—Paris Cor. New York Epoch.

Virtue in Air.

A wonderful, wonderful gift of God is the blessed air! It does not stand upon its dignity, nor revolt at the way it is treated. It infolds us every chance it gets like a garment; it caresses us like a cover; it dries tears; it soothes sorrow; it lightens affliction. The tortured heart, the overwrought brain rush to the fresh air for consolation and restoration, and always find the same healing, the same reviving influence. The miracle of it is always being performed; the measure of it is every moment emptied, yet remains always full.

We need in our daily lives a broader, wider, truer, more general recognition of this influence. We make a virtue now of shutting the door. "Shut that door; I shall catch my death of cold," is an everyday form of expression. It is not true; it does not really mean anything. Often the open door would let in the chance for life instead of death, but the inaccurate and ill conditioned expression does its work nevertheless.

It gives the child, to whom it is usually addressed, the impression that air is a bad thing; that goodness and virtue consist in keeping it out, because of the mischief it causes and wickedness in admitting it so that it may way work its evil will.

Of course it is not necessary to sit with open doors and windows in cold weather, or make ourself and others generally uncomfortable. What we need is the recognition of the virtue, instead of the vice of fresh air, its inherent virtue, which it holds and keeps at all times, night and day, and which it is the first duty of man and woman to preserve from taint and corruption by admixture from barnyard, decomposing refuse, or not allowing fresh air to take the place of dead air within doors.

If this recognition were part of the unwritten law of our lives, it would not need preaching to enforce it. Children would literally take it in with the air they breathe, and the knowledge of it would be as wide as the sea, the earth and the atmosphere.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Horse's Walk on a High Trestle.

A strange scene was witnessed recently on the Northern Pacific trestle at the water works. The trestle is about 600 feet long and 55 feet high. Under it is the Union Pacific roadbed. The ties are about eight inches apart and are evenly distributed the entire distance.

At an early hour the attention of a dozen people was attracted by a large sorrel horse which had walked along the trestle from the south and was unaware of the danger ahead. He was unable to turn around and had fully 500 feet yet to travel. The spectators were struck with awe, expecting every moment to see the animal dashed to atoms by a fall. Now fully mindful of his danger, it was remarkable to note the instinct with which the animal stepped cautiously from one tie to another.

He had just reached that part of the trestle above the Union Pacific roadbed when he became dazed and missed his footing. His hind feet caught in the tie and threw him, so that the rear portion of his body overhung the framework of the immense bridge, while he held himself by his fore feet. The scene was a [illegible] and the spectators looked every moment for the fatal fall. Suddenly, with a powerful lunge, the animal threw his body toward the trestle and managed to regain his feet.

Again he started on his perilous walk, and when within a few feet of the end of the bridge fell again and was caught in much the same manner. Martin Scully started to the assistance of the animal with a rope, but the horse was so close to terra firma that he made an effort to regain his feet and fell to the sloping bank, just a short distance below. He then rolled down the bank for about twenty-five feet. His mouth and hoof were badly bruised in the struggle, but otherwise he was uninjured.—Olympic (Wash.) Tribune.

A Postage Stamp Museum.

At Vienna a postage stamp museum has been opened to the public. The museum will be open to visitors daily and gratuitously. In one room are shown chronologically all stamps of which specimens exist from 1840 to 1891. Among the postal curiosities shown are balloon letters, pigeon post and submarine post letters as they were sent during the siege of Paris in 1870.

A collection of forged stamps is also very interesting to the collector. Among the curious objects shown are letters of the Anthropophagi in the Dutch Indies, pieces of wood covered with hieroglyphics, and postcards which have made the tour of the world. For one of these with a penny stamp, which took 119 days to return to its starting point, an offer of 1,000 florins has been made.

There is also a case with a collection of all the coins struck during the Emperor Francis Joseph's reign. The finest object in the collection is believed to be a Dundee stamp, worth £500, and a Cape of Good Hope stamp valued at £100. The exhibition comprises 3,000,000 stamps and other objects connected with the post.—London Queen.

Wore Female Attire All His Life.

Many examples are known of women dressing as men, but until lately no case has been known of a man going about disguised as a woman. A man named Signol, seventy-two years old, employed as a cook, was taken to the hospital of Saint Antoine, Paris, suffering from gastritis. Mistaken, on account of his dress, for a woman, he was taken to the ward reserved for members of the weaker sex. When they found out the mistake he was put into another ward.

The strangest thing about the whole case is that Signol says that he never wore male attire excepting on the day he was examined by the conseil de revision in order to determine whether he was fit for military service. When he was seventeen years old he went as a servant girl to a farm in Lin-sur-Mer. He remained there eleven years. He learned to cook at Caen and went to Paris, where he was employed as cook for forty years either in private families or in boys' schools.—Paris Letter.

Policemen Losing in Height.

The first batch of twenty policemen have been examined under the order recently issued by the mayor. Of the twenty men examined but one has retained the same proportions throughout. This man is Officer Jim Eggleston, of the First district. He is exactly the same height as when he was examined for appointment under this administration, and weighs not an ounce more or less. Of the others one was almost an inch taller than when he went on, but the rest had fallen away. One was found to be more than an inch shorter than when appointed. All were over weight except Officer Eggleston.—Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

Brave Boy.

Some years ago, says the author of "Big Game of North America," three children who lived near Olympia, Wash., were returning from school, when Walter, the eldest, a boy of twelve, noticed what he thought to be a large yellow dog trotting in the road behind them. They paid no attention to it, as large mongrel dogs of this color abound everywhere in the vicinity of Indian camps, but went playing leisurely along.

Suddenly the youngest, a chubby chap of six, who was behind his brothers, came running to the front, and a moment later the animal, seen now to be a cougar, sprang over the heads of the two astonished boys, seized the little fellow in his mouth, and with a spring vanished in the bushes.

The elder brother did not stop to deliberate. He had for a weapon only an empty bottle, in which he had carried milk for his dinner, and with this he rushed into the bushes. His little brother was lying prostrate, grasping a small tree with both hands, and holding on with the strength of despair, while the cougar, his fangs luckily imbedded only in the child's clothing, was trying to break this deathlike grip.

With a scream Walter threw himself on the animal, beat it over the head with the bottle until the glass was shattered in fragments, and then, with the ragged edges of the bottle's neck, he endeavored to cut out the cougar's eyes.

At last the cougar, with a yell of rage, dropped his hold on the child and ran up a tree near at hand, while the heroic boy, lifting his brother in his arms, carried him into the road and fell fainting upon him.

Meanwhile the other brother had fled screaming up the road and fortunately met two men who had been chopping near by. As soon as he had told the cause of his fright they rushed on, to find the little hero senseless, still tightly grasping the neck of the broken bottle.

The cougar's victim was too much horrified to speak, but pointed to the savage beast lying on a limb in full view. One of the men had a pistol, and with a few shots the animal was killed.

Words of Praise.

Oliver Ellsworth, of Connecticut, who was one of the most conspicuous men of the country during the administrations of Washington and Adams, seems to have had at the beginning of his career no expectation of becoming eminent. His ambition was limited to gaining a living for himself, his wife and children.

But one day, while arguing a case in court, he heard a stranger say: "Who is this young man? He speaks well."

Those words made Ellsworth chief justice of the United States, minister to France and United States senator. He went home after court was adjourned, told his wife what he had heard and began to think of rising at the bar. In his old age, looked up to and respected as a Christian statesman, he used to say that these words were the turning point of his life.

But young Ellsworth was not only sensitive to praise, he was an industrious young man, who did many things which had no reference to the law because it was his duty to do them.

When, after graduating at Princeton, and having become a member of the bar at Hartford, he began to practice law, his father gave him [illegible] was a pioneer, "If you wish to get ahead, you must work for it."

Oliver settled on the wood lot, some distance from Hartford, cleared the land, split rails to fence it, built a log house and there received the clients who sought him.

When the term of court began he walked down to Hartford, argued his cases and then returned home to his wood lot. On coming into court the spectators observed that the young lawyer's hands were swollen and pierced with thorns. That fact did not discredit him with the farmers who served as jurors and witnesses. But after he heard the words of praise, he paid more attention to his books and less to his farm.—Youth's Companion.

A Man Who Lives in a Trunk.

Opposite the postoffice, on the east side of Jackson street, stands a row of the oldest and most rickety shanties in San Francisco. They are so ancient and tumble down that they seem to hang together by the shreds of rusty tin and zinc with which they are covered. The plastering disappeared from the walls long ago, and now the rotten laths and scantlings are breaking through.

Dirt besmears the walls, and spiders have hung up great masses of webs that run from one end of the room to the other. To one unaccustomed to such places the floors seem about to give way, and he walks as if treading on eggs. Perhaps the most wretched of all the dens is No. 312. The number is on one side of the door in red chalk. This place was once occupied by a carpenter named Curtis, but he is dead and another occupant has taken possession.

The new tenant is an old man named Jimmy Moore. He is a peculiar man all around, but his chief characteristic is the manner in which he sleeps. Although he has the whole tumble down apartment at his disposal, rent free, and a rickety old lounge to lie on, he prefers to sleep in a trunk. It's a Saratoga of the vintage of 1850. As old as Mr. Moore himself, it stands off in one corner beside a brick chimney. It is only four feet in length, while the tenant is five feet three inches. How he crowds himself into it and sleeps at all is one thing that Mr. Moore alone understands. The edges are covered with dirty pieces of old carpet.—San Francisco Call.

Does Not Return to Dust.

Many strange things have been told concerning the secrets of the grave. Within the past few months discoveries have been made in Missouri and Iowa that people have been buried alive, but the strangest discovery was made in Colchester a few days ago, viz., that, after having been buried twenty-one years, the body of Miss Flora Hume is in as perfect a condition as the day she died.

Twenty-one years ago the lady died in St. Paul of pneumonia and the body was brought to Colchester and buried in the Argyle cemetery. That cemetery has long since fallen into disuse, and recently it was laid out in nicely improved grounds. The few graves in it were removed, and among the dead was the body of Miss Flora Hume. It was inclosed in a metallic case. This was covered with a heavy coat of rust. When the cover was removed there lay the body perfectly intact. The features were readily recognized by relatives, and the clothing looked perfectly fresh. Even a ribbon of delicate tint about the neck was as bright and fresh as when it had been first put on.

The face was not in the least discolored, and the body was full and round. In fact, the corpse looked as though it might have been buried only a few hours.—Quincy (Ill.) Herald.

Equal to the Emergencies.

Mamie—Oh! Willie, there goes papa out to untie the dog!

Willie—Don't worry, my dear. I used to be a lion tamer.

Mamie—But papa's boots——

Willie—Pah! A mere nothing! I've shod mules.—New York Truth.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Beefsteak in Paris.

Next to his work—and indeed, very often before his work—the ambition of a student in Paris is to discover a cheaper place in which to feed well, than all the other places already discovered. When he has found this Arcadia of the appetite his crowning glory is to announce it. One day into the dim studio of my friend Croute, in the Rue de Misere, little Bilkins rushed with his face aflame.

Glory of glories! right here in Paris he had ferreted out a beefsteak club restaurant at ten sous the steak; and as his month's remittance had just come in from the sister at Leeds, who had sent him across the channel to become another Landseer on the improved French plan, we must come and dine with him for the sake of good Old England and her national dish.

What a dinner it was! The steak lacked succulency, to be sure, but it was well flavored and fairly tender. It had a sweetish taste, which might come from its having been fried, but the sour petit blue with which we washed it down offset this drawback. The place in which we ate it might have been cleaner, and the roar of day's end traffic over the stones of Montmartre outside was not exactly the music of a banquet band. Our company mostly wore blue blouses, except one wretched creature with a visored cap that had the shape of a fish, who ate apart, and at whom the far from comely waiting woman flung his dishes like an insult.

We ate many a steak together under the sign of The Honest Man even after we discovered that it was the flesh of an animal that did not ruminate the cud. We once had a roast of horse meat there, and horse soup was the invariable overture of the dinner. At a time when a beefsteak on the Boulevard was weighed like so much gold we got good fare from The Honest Man—or from his plump relict and representative behind the little bar covered with a sheet of lead.—Alfred Trumble in New York Epoch.

A Soothing Reflection.

"This," said Colonel Clawtrap as he gazed upon the pleasant surroundings of his suburban home, "is what we call a restricted neighborhood. No man can buy a lot here unless he will agree not to build a boiler factory, a powder mill, nor any other kind of manufacturing establishment that might have a tendency to disturb the quiet of the neighborhood or to mar its rural aspect. You can imagine my [illegible] absence in the west that a calliope factory had been started here.

"Nobody had ever thought of specifically prohibiting calliope factories any more than they had of prohibiting shipbuilding or the manufacture of soup ladles, but here it was. The building had formerly been a private residence, and it still had that appearance, but the evidence of its present use was unmistakable. You might put flowers around the crater of a volcano and call it a fountain, but that would not change its real character.

"When I mentioned the calliope factory to Mrs. Clawtrap she said:

"'Why, Horace! that is where the Billtops live. What you heard was the children playing.'

"'Do you mean to tell me,' I said, 'that there are children noisier than ours?'

"'Of course I do!' she said. 'I have always told you so.'

"I confess that I have at times shown signs of irritation when my children have been unusually noisy; but now when the uproar is greatest I smile and am grateful that they are not so noisy as the children across the way."—New York Sun.

Dentistry in Japan.

You must know that a Japanese dentist never uses anything but his fingers when extracting a tooth. They have no surgical instruments. This is how they are able to work: A number of holes are bored in a plank of wood and pegs inserted in them. The plank is laid on the floor, and the novice pulls them out with the finger and thumb of his right hand. By this practice strength and dexterity are acquired. Then an oak log with oak pegs is tried, and the young man is kept on this for a year.

The third year is put in by operating on a slab of marble which contains numberless pegs of the hardest wood. After this he is qualified to go into business. A thorough workman will grab a patient with his left hand and yank out five or six teeth with the right hand without even stopping to rest. It seems impossible, but practice and long training will enable any one to accomplish it.—Chicago Herald.

Disappointment.

"Of cawse you liked deah old Lunnon?" said Goslin to Sappy, when the latter returned from his first run across.

"No, deah boy; I was rathaw disappointed, doncher know."

"Aw?"

"Ya-as. The fact is, Lunnon isn't quite so English as New York."—Harper's Bazar.

Old Sailors Get Sick Too.

"Seafaring men often suffer from seasickness," said a retired navy officer. "I used to get a touch of it every voyage. Not the long continued and sometimes deathly illness of the landsman, but decidedly uncomfortable, nevertheless. It usually lasted a day with me—sometimes only a few hours. It would repeat itself as soon as we left next port. The only time I ever missed it was when we were chasing a Confederate blockade runner. I got so excited that I forgot all about it. Curiously enough, when the excitement was all over I felt a tinge of it as usual.

"It is the bilious temperament. I've been so humiliated over it that I could shed tears. No, I wouldn't dare go off the coast fishing because I know I'd be sick. There is really no sure remedy for seasickness, though the best precaution against a violent attack is to go without eating or drinking on the day you sail. Most people invite seasickness by overloading the stomach just before sailing."—New York Herald.

Effect of Emotion on the Hair.

Accidentally the hair loses its color in a variety of ways. When the cyclone occurred at Louisville, March 27, 1890, and the Falls City hall fell, burying its occupants beneath the ruins, among the few drawn from the wreck comparatively unhurt was Henry Feltheolton, a saloon keeper. His hair, which six hours before was perfectly black, was found to be streaked with lines of gray and white. A score of similar examples could be cited where the hair has been caused to blanch suddenly through the influence of strong emotion.—Hyland C. Kirk in New York Times.

WHAT FIRST TO DO.

It's no use to grumble and sigh,
  It's no use to worry and fret,
It is useless to groan or to cry,
  Or fling yourself down in a pet.
You'll never be wise or be great
  If you bluster like bees when they swarm;
'Tis folly your woes to berate,
  And pitch like a ship in a storm.

Don't get in a tantrum and shout
  When obstacles rise in your path,
And don't—let me beg of you—pout,
  By way of displaying your wrath;
Don't butt out your brains just to spite
  Some fancied injustice of fate,
For time will set everything right
  If you only have patience to wait.

The blustering wind cannot chill
  The lake, though he ruffles its face;
But the frost, with its presence so still,
  Locks it fast in a silent embrace.
So you may win fame beyond price,
  And conquer the world with its pelf,
If you only will heed this advice,
  And first learn to conquer yourself.
—Golden Days.

Love's Idyl.

Both sat on a garden seat, and the expression on his face plainly said, "I am done for!" He first broke the silence saying:

"Will you be mine?" and tried to draw her a little closer.

She stiffened and refused to budge.

"I mean to reform, and give up all my bad habits!" he urged.

The object of his adoration was inexorable.

"And abandon smoking!"

No response.

"And leave off card playing!"

Frigid silence as before.

"I'll never go out of doors without you!"

She only shook her head.

"And present you with a diamond ring tomorrow!"

Then the sweet innocent lifted her downcast eyes up to meet his gaze, and resting her little head on his shoulder she falteringly whispered in his ear:

"Oh, Emile, how kind you are!"

And there they sat—dreaming, pondering, thinking, she about the diamond ring, and he wondering where on earth he should stump up the money to buy one.—Kleeblatt.

The Typical Modern City.

Paris is the typical modern city. In the work of transforming the labyrinthine tangle of narrow, dark and foul mediæval [illegible] conveniences that distinguish the well ordered city of our day from the oldtime cities which had grown up formless and organless by centuries of accretion—in this brilliant Nineteenth century task of reconstructing cities in their physical characters, dealing with them as organic entities and endeavoring to give such form to the visible body as will best accommodate the expanding life within, Paris has been the unrivaled leader.

Berlin and Vienna have accomplished magnificent results in city making, and great British towns—Glasgow, Birmingham, Manchester and others—have in a less ambitious way wrought no less useful reforms, but Paris was the pioneer. French public authorities, architects and engineers were first to conceive effectually the ideas of symmetry and spaciousness, of order and convenience, of wholesomeness and cleanliness in urban arrangements.—Dr. Albert Shaw in Century.

A Senseless Though Courteous Question.

"Is this seat engaged?" Every one who travels up and down the suburban railway lines is familiar with this senseless phrase, asked, in all probability, a thousand times a day. When a person who has paid his or her fare sees a vacant place in the car, he or she has as much right to occupy it as a chair at home. There is no need to ask the other person if the seat is engaged, for it is not, and cannot be, though bundles and wraps are piled mountain high on it. People who believe they are showing a certain courtesy by the question are singularly at fault.

Even custom does not sanction foolishness, and it is foolish to be "polite" in the wrong place and at the wrong time. If the seat is engaged and the temporary owner is absent, there is not the least doubt that you will be informed by the other occupant. Therefore, take what seat you happen to fancy in a public conveyance and don't be silly and ask, "Is this engaged?"—Boston Transcript.

The Edelweiss in London.

It may be interesting to some to hear that the Edelweiss can be cultivated in London. Last August a friend who lives near Belfast gave me a small plant with one bloom, raised by himself from seed. The directions given with it were: "Leave it in the corner of your garden; it requires no special care."

Unhappily, London gardens are the hunting grounds for innumerable cats, so I placed my treasure, for such I deemed it, on the sill of my drawing room window, aspect southeast, and there, through the dismal sunless window, now buried deep in snow, now frozen hard, the Alpine stranger remained, always reported dead by all who saw it, but toward the end of March life showed itself, and now it is a large healthy plant, with five lovely blooms, the admiration of all who see it.

Surely, if this fair flower from the lovely mountain air of Switzerland can thrive in the smoky, sooty atmosphere of London, our climate is not so bad as some would say.—Cor. London Standard.

"Too Mana Reda Shoes."

"I make from two to tree dolla' day," said an Italian bootblack with two chairs under the Elevated stairs. "Bisna no good. No good lasta yeah. Foa I maka tree, fo', fiva and sometimes sixa dolla' day."

"What's the reason business is not so good now?"

"Harda times, reda shoes and pata leatha shoes; too many mena in bisna. My besta custama no mor blacka shoes. Weara reda an' pata leatha shoes. See? Lasta yea, dis yea, same. I paya man dolla' day helpa, an' boarda him. Maka no mon'."

"What did you do before you came to this country?"

"I farma. My man he farma, my son he farma. Farma no good, Italy. I maka dolla' week. Sacre!"—New York Herald.

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The Bucks County Gazette

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1891.

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

West Virginia will erect a $30,000 building at the exposition.

The National Confectioners' association will make a display at the fair.

President Palmer says that it may be necessary to open the World's fair on Sundays.

One of the most interesting exhibits at the World's Columbian exposition will be that of fish and fisheries.

The Manhattan Yacht club, of New York, has applied for space for an exhibit illustrative of yachting interests.

California will occupy a $100,000 building at the exposition. A prize of $500 for the best plan was offered some time ago.

The Mexican government will accept the site allotted to it at the Chicago exposition, provided a bridge be built and the drainage improved.

Miss Mary Schiller, a grandniece of the poet, has been chosen commissioner to South America by the World's fair committee. She was formerly a teacher.

If President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins university, can make satisfactory arrangements with the World's fair people he will probably accept the position of chief of the liberal arts department.

The freight department of the Western Traffic association decided to charge full tariff rates on exhibits to the World's fair at Chicago, but to return the property after the exposition free of charge.

The National Association of Furniture Manufacturers, at its recent convention in Boston, decided to make an extensive exhibit at the exposition, and provided for committees to look after the matter.

The Music Trade association, at its recent meeting, declared in favor of erecting a music building at the exposition sufficiently large to permit of the exhibition of musical instruments of all kinds and for musical entertainments.

Illinois has appropriated $800,000 for its exhibit at the exposition. It will erect an immense building costing about $350,000, and endeavor to make the most complete exhibit of any of the states. The state board of agriculture has charge of the matter.

The World's Fair Association of Commercial Travelers, recently formed, decided to hold a two weeks' congress at the World's fair. All organized bodies of traveling men in the United States, and foreign drummers as well, will be invited to participate.

An Englishman wants to sell a portrait of Columbus to the World's Columbian exposition for $10,000. The portrait, it is claimed, was painted by Chevalier Antonio Moro about 1570 from a miniature of Columbus painted from life especially for Queen Isabella, and which is still in the possession of the royal family of Spain.

PEN, PENCIL AND BRUSH.

Octave Thanet, the novelist, is an Iowa girl, her real name being Alice French.

Sardou, the great French playwright, writes a hand so fine that it almost requires a magnifying glass to read it.

Renan has a magnificent angora cat of which he is extravagantly fond and in honor of which Taine composed a sonnet. In Paris, will represent Christ among His disciples. It will be completed in about two years, will be exhibited all over Europe and the United States and will be added eventually to the Berlin National gallery.

Thomas Moran, the artist, has a genuine gondola from Venice at his summer resort at Easthampton, L. I. It was once owned by the poet Browning. It is a big gondola painted black; the canopy is also black, with a blue and gold lining. It will hold a score of people.

De Balzac wasted untold gold upon gaudy jewelry, useless knickknacks and fantastic "curios," which, during his frequent paroxysms of impecuniosity, he resold to sharp witted dealers at a ruinous loss—frequently for less than a hundredth part of their original cost.

Browning would never write for a magazine. He wrote: "I cannot bring myself to write for periodicals. If I publish a book and people choose to buy it, that proves they want to read my work. But to have them turn over the pages of a magazine and find me—that is to be an uninvited guest."

WHAT A WISE WOMAN SAYS.

That almond meal is better for the face than any soap except castile.

That the useful girl never gets married because she can't be spared.

That orris root has a sweeter and more permanent fragrance than any other perfume powder.

That the woman of today worries more over the shape of the seams in her bodice than over her soul's salvation.

That your diamonds should be washed in boiling hot suds, rinsed in cold water clouded with ammonia, and dried in jeweler's sawdust.

That your dress waists hold their shape better if folded away in a drawer and are delicious to wear if they are wrapped in perfumed covers.

That nothing is so beneficial to the complexion as a bath in cream every night, leaving it to dry on the face, and for a nightcap a big glass of rich milk taken just before you go to sleep.

That the woman who never complains gets ten times as much sympathy in her trials as the woman who frets about everything from the shoes that don't fit her feet to the husband that dies and leaves her penniless.—New York Sun.

CROWN AND SCEPTER.

The Grand Duchess Stephanie, widow of the crown prince of Austria, has left off her mourning.

King George of Greece extracts melody from castinets and wine glasses with great skill; he also plays on the cymbalum.

King Humbert's son threatens to upset all royal conventionalities and marry the girl of his heart, the daughter of an English clergyman who is living in Italy.

The jewels of that ill fated queen, Marie Antoinette, whose tragic death glorifies a frivolous life, are now on sale in London. The price of a single pair of earrings is $65,000, but the stones are of wonderful brilliancy.

Following upon the Duke of Portland's agitation in favor of doing away with the bearing or checkrein from carriage horses, the queen has directed him, as her master of the horse, to take off the bearing reins from the horses that draw the royal carriages.

The gem of all perambulators has just been made for the infant daughter of the Princess Pignatelli, of Naples. It is made of polished ebony, with silver plated wheels, handle and springs. It is lined with blue silk and emblazoned with the royal arms. It has a canopy of lace, and its price is $200.

The remarkable memory the Prince of Wales has, that enables him to recall little incidents in the careers of comparative strangers who meet him, is the result of assiduous practice. He has trained his eye so that on entering a room he sees everybody there at a glance, and possesses a marvelous faculty for recollecting faces.

MASCULINE MENTION.

Lawyer Howe, of New York, is known as the "King of Diamonds."

William Waldorf Astor plays classical melodies on the piano and organ.

Athanasius, the Turkish brigand, was formerly a waiter in a restaurant.

Edward McCrady, of Charleston, who came out in the class fo 1820 with President Woolsey, is said to be Yale's oldest living graduate.

When the national constitution was adopted Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, was the richest man in America. He was worth half a million.

Mr. Wagstaff, the new president of Brooklyn's lofty bridge, might have been measured for the position. He is nearly 6 feet 6 inches in height.

It is claimed that John Rockefeller could give every man, woman and child in the United States two dollars each and still have left the modest sum of $1,000,000.

Alexander Rankin, the Scotchman who succeeded John Brown as Highland servant to the queen, has obtained almost as marked an influence in the royal household as Brown possessed.

Ex-Attorney General Rufus A. Ayers, of Virginia, fifteen years ago was a page in the senate of Virginia. Now it is said he is worth $500,000, and he has just finished a magnificent residence near Big Stone Gap.

Secretary Noble is the hardest worked man in the government at Washington. He is always at his desk as late as 6 o'clock and frequently until 8. He has a larger army of clerks under him than all the other cabinet officers put together.

Thomas Cooper and wife, who live near Flowery Branch, Ga., have four daughters. All except one married widowers' sons, all of their husbands being named William, and all of them the youngest of the family, and all married on the third Sunday of the month.

Cardinal Lavigerie dresses all in scarlet, with a capacious Florentine cap on his head, his long, white beard flowing to his waist. His eyes are strong and lustrous, and in his moments of excitement he exhibits all the resistless energy of a Richelieu.

Gladstone is comparatively a poor man, and the occasional literary work he does is not the result of any desire to add to his fame as a writer. He takes such productions simply as a help to the liquidation of his heavy expenses. For every article he writes he receives $1,000.

The oldest physician in Indiana is Dr William Lomax, of Marion, who after fifty-four years' practice is rich and honored. When he was studying for his degree he used to ride on horseback from Marion to New York city and back to attend lectures at a New York college.

Hippolyte is about sixty years of age, and of coal black complexion. He is the political idol of the pure blacks, whose blood has not been contaminated by intermarriage with the creoles. He is the son of a college professor of Port-au-Prince, and is a man of considerable learning and cultivation.

The senior member of the center party in Germany, Peter Reichensperger, recently celebrated the eighty-first anniversary of his birth. For many years Reichensperger was almost as powerful in the councils of his faction as the late Dr. Windthorst. He has been forty-three years in parliamentary life.

THE JEWEL CASKET.

A silver cigar opens at one end and discloses a match receptacle.

A slipper in Russian enamel with a crimson plush pincushion inside is a novelty.

A novel ring for a man, instead of the usual serpents' heads, has a gold and a silver fish set head to tail.

Oblong English hairpin boxes come in two sizes. They are of silver in corrugated forms. A silver oxidized hairpin on the back designates their use.

muslin gowns, the necks of which are cut well down and give a fine opportunity for displaying necklace and collars.

The small combination bookmark and paper cutter of silver is among the prettiest and most necessary trifles. The fleur-de-lis is one of the latest designs.

Stickpins have almost superseded buttons in fastening women's gowns. They are ornamental, and hooks and eyes prove too untrustworthy without their assistance.

The opal, which is so becoming a jewel, is vanquishing its uncanny reputation with its own charms. A new necklace has seven pendants of seven opals of graduated size set with diamond points.

Flower jewelry is in special favor, the sweet pea and double violet take the lead. Clover leaves come next in popularity. The diamond dewdrop is not a necessary adjunct, but an added beauty.

There is a generous competition among women to have the most complete silver outfits for their tables, writing desk and traveling bag. This ought to encourage the jewelers to further extend their ingenuity.

English rings of alternating jewels imbedded in the setting are preferred, one at least being essential to the groups that now adorn women's fingers. An unusual combination, but one greatly admired for its becomingness, is coral between small diamonds.—Jeweler's Circular.

FIN, FEATHER AND FUR.

The tongue of the giraffe is nearly a foot and a half long.

To effect the respiration of a carp, 13,300 arteries, vessels, veins, bones, valves, etc., are necessary.

A hundred laying hens produce in egg shell about 137 pounds of chalk or lime stone annually.

At Griffin, Ga., a king snake was seen to swallow a green snake several inches longer than its own body.

A turkey flew through a plate glass window five-eighths of an inch thick, at Mansfield, O., but was not injured.

The explosion of a dynamite cartridge recently to blow up an old ship near Mobile, sent to the surface a jewfish that weighed more than 200 pounds.

A jeweler at Pleasanton, Cal., has a live tarantula in a glass jar, where he has kept it for more than a year without food. About two inches of dirt is all there is in the jar, and how the creature lives is a mystery. He seems as frisky as ever.

The lobster is greatly in dread of thunder, and when the peals are very loud numbers of them drop their claws and swim away for deep water. Any great fright may also induce them to drop their claws. But new claws begin at once to grow, and in a short time are as large as the old ones and covered with hard shells.

FLOWER AND TREE.

The forest area of the United States is estimated at 481,764,598 acres.

California has 2,675 of the giant trees still left, and of these the largest is thirty three feet in diameter.

Two immense gum trees, which tower over 100 feet above a little church in Guatemala, are sixty feet in circumference, and have pushed the foundations of the church out of place by their strong roots.

The tallest trees in the world are the gum trees of Victoria, Australia. In some districts they average 300 feet high. The longest prostrated one measured 470 feet, and eighty-one feet in girth near the root.

A vast "banyan" tree covering between six and seven acres has been discovered on the tiny Lord Howe island, 300 miles from Port Macquarie, in Australia. It is surpassed in size only by the greatest of those in India.

The newest thing in tulips is the Vander Neer, a dull, petaled flower, almost magenta in color. Among the novelties recently shown at the London flower show was this wonderful tulip and a blue primrose, probably the first of that color ever shown.

RAILWAY RUMBLES.

The report that the Colorado Midland is to be consolidated with the Atchison is officially denied.

Superintendent Darlington, of the Pennsylvania lines, has been elected a member of the Engineers' club of New York.

New stations have been completed at Akron, Gallion and Cambridge on the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio road.

The limited mail on the Pennsylvania line between Columbus, O., and Indianapolis is said to be the fastest railroad train in America.

It is said that the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad company has instructed its civil engineer to look up the matter of elevating its tracks through the city of Newark.

The new train schedule of the Vandalia between Terre Haute and St. Joseph shortens the time between points south of the Ohio river and northern Indiana and Michigan a half day.

C. S. Wheaton, recently grand chief conductor of the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors, is now assistant station master of the New York, Lake Erie and Western railroad at Jersey City.

All conductors and crews on the passenger trains of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy run through from St. Louis to Kansas City. Heretofore the crews have been changed at Brookfield and Hannibal.

Everything now points to all the railroads in New England being consolidated into four systems within the next two years. Taking advantage of the consolidation act passed by the last legislature of Massachusetts, the Boston and Maine is already moving to consolidate its affiliating lines with the main line.

In 1883 the Pennsylvania Railroad company drew a check in favor of Kidder, Peabody & Co., for more than $14,000,000 in payment for Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore stock. This was probably the largest check ever drawn, and it was subsequently framed and hung up in the general office of the Pennsylvania company.

FOOTLIGHT FLASHES.

Patti wants $5,000 a night to come to America again.

Marie Tempest was forced to throw up a good engagement not long ago because she had the measles.

Carmencita danced six nights every week for seventy-three weeks in a big New York concert hall.

Mrs. Smith Blauvelt, of New York, is said to have sung herself into prominence in Russia and Germany.

McKee Rankin says that after next season he will retire from the stage and devote his time to play writing.

In the production of "Sinbad" at Chicago twenty little colored boys disported themselves as infant cannibals.

W. H. Crane is sure his new play will be as big a success as "The Senator" has been. He will put it on in New York next January and keep it on until June, he says.

An opera called "The Nautch Girl," by George Dance and Edward Soloman, was recently produced in London. The scenery and costumes are the finest ever seen in England.

Fraser Coulter and Francis Wilson have summer homes at New Rochelle, N. Y. Coulter takes care of his lawn himself, and Wilson plays lawn tennis from day light till dark.

Richard Mansfield says he was misrepresented the other day by a reporter, and so he sarcastically condemns by implication all interviewers. But the interviewers don't seem to mind it.

Mlle. Nikita, the singer who is to marry Prince Mirza Riza Khan, of the Persian shah's staff, was stolen by Indians when she was six years old. She takes her name from the chief who adopted her and finally restored her to her parents

Jack Mason, Marion Manola's husband, was once a devoted admirer of Sadie Martinot, who threw him over for Dion Boucicault's clandestine marriage to May Yohe before he finally decided that Marion was the only woman who could make him happy.

DECORATIVE NOTIONS.

Tea cloths with borders are better liked than those powdered with sprays.

Edgings for book covers and for millinery are crocheted with fine gold thread but the work is wiry and hurts the fingers.

Work bags of white brocade are brought out. They are large, oblong affairs with a sprig of flowers in one corner.

A settee with Chippendale back has its seat covered with brown and white linen, worked with brown and green crewels in old English style.

A chair back of white linen is worked with clover heads, which spring from the bottom as if growing. Over the flowers hover brown and gold bees.

For a wedding present is a tea cloth worked with a design of thistles in each corner. In white silk the scaly texture of the real flowers is reproduced very carefully.

A cot cover of white blanketing has a narrow border of flowers in silks, inclosed in straight blue silk lines. The middle is decorated with a bouquet done in narrow China ribbons.

Linen doilies are made in the shape of large flowers, as poppies, clematis and water lilies, and are covered almost entirely with embroidery, giving the effect of natural blossoms.

An innovation in the matter of piano cases is to lacquer the wood, instead of hiding it under a cover, in water green, pearl gray, yellowish green and other colors, used alone or in combination.—New York Recorder.

EPICUREAN MORSELS.

New York devours 1,600 beeves a day.

Cocoanut cream sandwiches are a popular confection in England.

It is said that horse meat has lately been sent hence to France as beef.

The raisin growers of California complain of the depredations of the honey bee.

It is a gastronomic crime to murder the Little Neck clam by freezing him before serving.

Peanuts and cottonseed are carried by the shipload to Marseilles to have their pure olive oil squeezed out.

Lactoserin, which looks and smells like coffee, but is not, is a Swedish invention that has fooled many Americans.

"Boh toy," a Chinese vegetable now raised extensively on Long Island, is a tall sort of cabbage that looks like celery.

Greens are an essential part of a Chinese dinner. Chinese greens are imported in great quantities for our laundrymen.—Hotel Mail.

SNAP SHOTS.

Brooklyn's municipal government has requested Mayor Chapin to appoint an official photographer.

A. G. Tisdell, of New York, has just invented a new detective camera, which he calls the Semper Paratus.

It would seem as though the photographers would never stop discovering new developers. The latest has the euphonious name of paramido-phenol.

Dr. John H. Janeway, United States army, formerly vice president of the Society of Amateur Photographers in this city, has been transferred from Benicia, Cal., to a station in Philadelphia.

The Society of Amateur Photographers of New York contemplate the addition of a fine portrait gallery to their rooms in the Telephone building. With this gallery will be a complete printing loft, something which the society needs.

At the recent photographic exhibition at Vienna the admission committee must have fixed a very high standard, for of 350 photographs sent by over forty Americans only twenty-five pictures, by ten photographers, were accepted and exhibited.

PERILOUS BALLOONING.

Blown Out Over Lake Erie and Rescued Just in Time to Escape a Squall.

Aeronaut W. W. McEwen, who made an ascent from the square, descended into the cold waters of Lake Erie, lost his balloon, received a drenching and barely escaped with his life. The balloon rose from the northeast section of the square at 8:40 o'clock. It continued to rise until an altitude of four and one-fourth miles, as the aeronaut estimates it, was reached. The wind at this altitude moved due west and the balloon was carried with it to a point somewhere between Avon point and Rocky river and thirteen miles off shore.

McEwen found that the shore was steadily receding, and his glass, which is good for twenty miles, showed only one vessel in sight. For the first time in his experience he suffered from cold, and the rarefaction of the air caused the drums of his ears to pain him. He descended to a height of about three miles in the hope of striking a current which would drive him toward shore, but without success. He then turned his attention toward the vessel on the lake below him. It was a three masted steam barge, with all sails furled, plowing along under a full head of steam.

She was almost directly beneath him and a trifle in advance of the balloon on her course. He pulled the valve rope and sank steadily toward her. The vessel kept right on and he tried to signal her. First he fired his revolver under the car to avoid any danger of igniting the gas. Then he waved his hat and shouted, but no sign came from the vessel.

His signals had, however, attracted attention from tugs at the mouth of the river, and two of them put out after him. For three-quarters of an hour while they pursued him the balloon car hung within three or four feet of the water, and at every 100 feet or so slapped against the chopping waves.

McEwen was thoroughly drenched and threw out several sand bags, which he carried for ballast, in succession. This had the effect of raising her a little in the air, but caused the airship to glide more rapidly away from the pursuing tugs. The aeronaut, who was alone in the car, tied a sand bag to a small anchor and lowered it by a small rope to the water. The drag caused the balloon to slacken her speed, and soon it began settling again.

As the car dropped into the water sand bags were thrown over one at a time. The tug T. M. Moore came up with the balloon after an almost interminable length of time to the besoaked man. The car was just above her smoke stack at the time, and the tug men had seized the drag line. McEwen hastily slipped down the rope to the deck, and at the same instant the tug's engine was reversed to avoid igniting the balloon.

Simultaneously the squall which had been approaching from the west for half an hour struck the balloon and raised it with a jerk. The strain broke the slender rope and the balloon sailed away over the lake.—Cleveland World.

She Loved the Light.

In some parts of Missouri nothing is commoner in out of the way places than a solitary "coal shaft." In one of these remote mines there was kept a hundred feet below the surface a little old mule, whose business it was to draw the loaded cars up the inclined plane to the foot of the shaft.

Back and forth, back and forth, it made its dismal journeys during working hours and at night was left alone in a corner fitted up as a stable, to await in silence and utter darkness the return of its human comrades.

For five long years it had never breathed the upper air or seen the light of day. It was a great pet with the miners, who used to bring it bunches of fresh grass in summer or lumps of sugar and apples in winter.

One night, when the mule was being unharnessed, some one proposed taking "Jinny" up in the cage. It was done; her tremors as the cage began to ascend were soothed by assuring words and caresses of her companions, and soon she found herself restored to a mule's natural privileges.

The next morning when the time came to go to work "Jinny" positively refused could induce her to approach the shaft and step into the waiting cage.

A council was held. The miners, touched by what the poor brute had suffered in her five years of isolation, and reproaching themselves that her imprisonment had been so long, at length solved the problem by subscribing on the spot enough out of their scanty earnings to buy "Jinny," and she was immediately loosed and "turned out to grass."

For years afterward she might have been seen nibbling grass near the shaft or sheltering herself behind a liberal haystack that somehow was always there for her. When working hours were over she was sure to be near the shaft where she could mutely testify to her liberators as they came up, that she was the happiest mule in Missouri.—Youth's Companion.

Wanamaker's

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, August 3, 1891.

Store closed at one o'clock Saturdays.

A great Anniversary Trade Sale in Furniture began here this week.

Dress Goods, Carpets, Light Underwear, China Silks, and Women's Blazers and Mantels are among the points of special interest.

Just a reminder of the Muslin Underwear store.

The "Juno" P. D. Summer Corsets (long and short) are reduced from $2.25 to $1.75 each; all sizes.

Very fine Jean French Corset with Sateen Strips and double side Steels handsomely flossed, down from $2.50 to $1.75, white and mastic; all sizes.

The Figured Lawn Room Gowns are in stock again, some of the better ones in entirely new styles. The coolest garment in the market.

High tide again with the Muslin Sheets and Pillow Cases.

Muslin, bleached—
Pillow Cases, 18c; heavier, 20c.
Bolster Cases, 31c; heavier, 36c.
Sheets, 2x2½ yards, 50c; heavier, 62c.
Sheets, 2½x2½ yards, 65c; heavier, 75
Muslin, unbleached—
Sheets, 2½x2½ yards, 58c each.

Our Umbrella stock isn't bulging at one time and shrunk out of sight at another; right all the year round. A fair 26-inch Umbrella at 90c; the top notch is about $12. Here's a 28-inch Umbrella, silver handle, at $1.50; market price $2.50.

There is a quick price on almost anything you need the make the quick run into the country pleasant as possible.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

A dispatch from Columbia, S. C., says: "Uncle Billy Bost, an eccentric character of Cabarrus county, N. C., is dead. He was a bachelor, about eighty years old. His only companions were two dogs and an old negro. His real estate consisted of 1,800 acres of land, which he left to his nephews. He had a safe which was thought to hold thousands of dollars, but when it was opened the only money found was a nickel. However, in bureau drawers, in old cupboards, in pitchers and jars, in old clothes closets, in old stockings and in cracks in his miserable house was found $10,000 in gold, besides a large quantity of gold dust and bullion and a few hundred dollars in greenbacks.

"In the search a package from a Charlotte bank was found containing $700 that had never been opened. This was received by him in 1880. He had corn and bacon on hand four years old, and some hay that had been stacked for twenty-five years. He made his will only three weeks ago, and there is much talk of contesting it, for some of his kin have been left without anything."

Miscellaneous

NEVER A FAILURE.

The Red River Valley of
Minnesota and
North Dakota
has
never
had a failure
of crops.
It produced 30,000,000
bushels of wheat
besides other cereals in 1890.
Farms can be had
on the
crop plan, or long time
cash payments.
It is not an uncommon thing
to pay for a farm
from the proceeds of
one crop.
It has all of the advantages
of an old country in
the shape of school, church,
market, postal and railway facilities, and all the chances of
a new country in
the way of
cheap lands, rich soil, and
increase in values.
It is one of the most
fertile and promising
regions in America
not yet fully occupied.
In the rush to the far
west, however,
this rich valley has
been over-looked.
It has room for a
million more people.
Write to
F. I. WHITNEY, St. Paul, Minn.,
for particulars.
Publications sent free.

Philadelphia Cash Grocery
AND CHICAGO BEEF MARKET,
Radcliffe & Market Sts., Bath & Buckley Sts. Bristol, and Second & Furman and Hudson and Mott Sts., Trenton, N. J.
FOUR STORES!
Immense quantities of goods bought for prices, for cash, and will be sold at correspondingly low rates.
Choice Roast, 10c. per lb. up.
Choice Steak, 12c. up. Stewing Meat, 4, 6, 8, 10
Gilt Edge Butter, 25c. per lb.

BOOZ & BLACK,
FINE GROCERIES, FRUITS, AND PROVISIONS
A specialty in
TEAS AND COFFEES.
Goods Delivered Promptly.
COR. RADCLIFFE AND MILL STS.
Your trade is solicited.

"The Brave, the Fearless Book."
HAVE YOU READ
"Confessions of a Nun,"
By Sister Agata.
12 MO. PAPER, 50 CENTS.
1,000 Copies sold in Three Days. For sale by all dealers.
JORDAN BROS., Publishers,
NO. 211 N. NINTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

—OPENING!—
THE UNDERSIGNED DESIRES TO INform the residents of Bristol and vicinity, that he has opened with a full line of
Ladies', Gents' and Children's
SHOES.
YOUR PATRONAGE IS SOLICITED.
PHILIP WINTER,
33 MILL ST., BRISTOL, A

Business Opening.
Chas. H. Ancker,
(Formerly with Herrmann)
UPHOLSTERING
—AND—
JOBBING of all Kinds,
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Orders by mail receive strict attention.
Next to the Postoffice.

AN OFFICE WHERE
Everything in connection with
REAL ESTATE
IS CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO
You can buy a Property, have the deed drawn, procure a loan on mortgage, get the building insured and the lot surveyed; the whole transaction completely and carefully attended to by one person, just as you would do it yourself, if you knew how.
A. Weir Gilkeson,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BRISTOL, PA.

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SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN AGENCY for
PATENTS
A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing How to Obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, sent free. Address MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York.

JUNE, JULY AND AUGUST.

The most charming Summer Resorts, of which there are over three hundred choice locations, are to be found in Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota and the Peninsula of Michigan, along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. Nearly all are located near lakes which have not been fished out.

These resorts are easily reached by railway and range in variety from the "full dress for dinner" to the flannel-shirt costume for every meal.

SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER.

The finest shooting grounds in the Northwest are on and tributary to the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. The crop of Prairie Chickens will be exceptionably good this year; also Ducks and Geese. In Northern Wisconsin and the Peninsula of Michigan splendid Deer shooting is to be had.

Full information furnished free. Address, GEO. H. HEAFFORD, Gen. Pass. Agt., Chicago, Ill., or to WM. KELLY, JR., Trav. Pass. Agt., C. M. & St. P. Ry., 16 So. Broad St., Philadelphia

Miscellaneous

Dissolution of Co-partnership.
THE PARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE EXisting in Bristol, Pa., between Yost and Stephen has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, N. M. Stephen retiring. J. B. Yost will continue the business at the old stand, No. 34 Mill street.
J. B. YOST
N. M. STEPHEN
Thanking you for past favors and soliciting a continuance of your kind patronage in the future, I remain respectfully, J. B. YOST.

ESTATE NOTICE.
Estate of ELIZABETH PAXSON, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County.
ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to
JAMES BUCKMAN,
S. E. Cor. 8th and Green Streets, Phila.
JOHN COMLY,
S. W. C. 15th and Race Sts., Phila.
Or ANTHONY SWAIN, Atty. Executors.
Bristol Borough.

ESTATE NOTICE.
Estate of SETH W. BOOZ, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.
ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to
DR. A. S. WILSON, Executor.
J. C. STUCKERT, Attorney.

Bristol Cash Grocery,
No. 57 Walnut Street, between Wood and Pond Streets.
J. CURTIS HOWELL, Proprietor
—A FULL LINE OF—
Groceries, Provisions, Fruit & Vegetables,
PRICES THE LOWEST.
All goods delivered.

FREDERICK KING,
DEALER IN
—HEADLIGHT AND OTHER OILS,—
LAMPS AND FIXTURES.
CONFECTIONERY!
Corner Pond and Dorrance Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.

W. H. VAN HORN,
Dealer in
STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.
(Nimon's Old Stand)
Cor. Wood & Washington Sts.
BRISTOL, PA.
Goods Promptly Delivered.

F. H. WEIK,
Sanitary Plumber, Steam and Gas Fitter,
NO. 48 MILL STREET, BRISTOL.
All work entrusted to my care promptly and carefully attended to

SAFE, SURE & SPEEDY CURE
Rupture, Varicocele and Special Diseases. Why be humbugged by quacks, when you can find in Dr. Wright the only regular physician in Philadelphia who makes a specialty of the above diseases and cures them? Cures guaranteed. Advice free, day and evening. Strangers can be treated and return home same day. Offices private.
DR. W. H. WRIGHT,
211 North Ninth Street, above Race,
P. O. Box 295 Philadelphia.

ROBERT M. YARDLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Doylestown, Pa.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.
PERSONS wishing laborers or farm hands can be supplied by calling on
FERDINAND SENECA,
Penn Street, Bristol.

Charles Guyon,
GENERAL HOUSE PAINTER!
—AND—
Hard Wood Finisher;
Washington St., next to School House,
BRISTOL, PA.

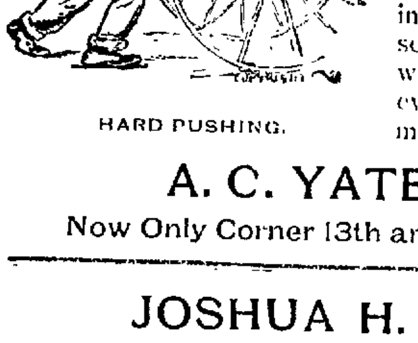
Don't Pay Such Extravagant Prices for Carriages and Harness.
WANTED, 50,000,000 PEOPLE!
To send for the largest Carriage and Harness Charts ever Published. Established 1862. I carry in stock everything I advertise and more too, over 100 distinct styles of each, Carriages and Harness. The most complete line of the latest designs in Novelties for Summer driving, including all styles of Canopy and No Top Buckboards for 2, 4, 6 and 8 passengers, Kron Prinz Traps, Spindle Buggies, Spindle and Saratoga, Surries, Sporting, Game and Driving Wagons, all Russett Finished Buggies, Mineola and Cradle Spring Carts, Cutunders, Ladies' Loop and Park Phaetons, etc., Russet and Red Harness, White Canvas and English Rush Collars, and everything from the smallest Goat and Pony to the heaviest Express and finest Road, Track and Coach Harness, Saddles, and Complete Equestrian Outfits, Lap Robes, Dusters, Coolers, Sheets, Whips and everything pertaining to the Road, Track and Stable, making positively the largest assortment in America, and all at very Moderate Prices.
Call and examine, or send for Catalogue and Price List, as it will save you money.
JAMES H. BIRCH,
anufacturer of Light Carriages, Harness and Sleighs,
BURLINGTON, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

Furniture Repaired!
Having a Practical knowledge of Repairing and Upholstering Furniture, Re-Caning Chairs, Renovating Mattresses, etc., I have opened a
Repair Shop, on Radcliffe St,
Opposite Silbert House,
Where I will be pleased to have you call and leave your work. Good Work, Low Prices. Repairing of Baby Coaches in a first-class manner.
JOSEPH C. FOSTER.

Miscellaneous

Tullytown Cheap Grocery,
ELMER E. OHNSON, Proprietor.
HAS CONSTANTLY ON HAND
Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes,
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES at Low Prices.
FLOUR by the cwt. a specialty. Hardware, Binder Twine at Lowest Prices, Paris Green, etc.
GOODS First Quality. PRICES Very Low.
Give me a call and be convinced.
THE FARMER'S STORE.

HOUSEKEEPERS!
I wish to call your ESPECIAL ATTENTION to the Large and Elegant Assortment of
Parlor Suites, Bed Room Suites, Dining Room and Office Furniture of all Descriptions,
Embracing many New and Novel Effects. Over 50 different Patterns of Parlor Suites
OF OUR OWN MANUFACTURE, FROM $35 UP.
Three entire floors devoted to Bed Room Furniture. A good oak suite for $20. You are cordially invited to call when in Trenton and compare prices.
Lawrence Farrell,
144 & 146 N. Broad St. | TRENTON | 112 & 114 Academy St.



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At Yates', corner 13th and Chestnut Sts., schemes are not in vogue—the goods sell themselves. They are gotten up with great care, are superior in every way and still are sold at moderate price.
A. C. YATES & Co.
Now Only Corner 13th and Chestnut Streets.

JOSHUA H. COOPER,
—DEALER IN—
LISTERS' Standard Fertilizers. Van Brunt's Fertilizers,
Wm. Deering & Co's Harvesting Machinery,
Mowers and Binders, Hand and Self Dumping Sulky Rakes, Hay Tedders, Potato Diggers, etc. Binder Twine constantly on hand.
Road Carts, Saddles, Harness, etc. N. Y. Horse Manure by the Car.
Cultivators, Syracuse and South Bend Plows, Plow Extras, Plaster, Ground and Bolted. Apples in Season.
TULLYTOWN, PA.

CLOTHING THAT NEVER FAILS.
PERFECT in cut and finish—always guaranteed for service—and the saving makes it worth your while.
WANAMAKER & BROWN, PHILA.
The Largest Clothing and Tailoring House in America.
We have been appointed Sales Agents for Bristol and vicinity, furnished with the new line of Samples, and the correctness of our measures is guaranteed by the House. Please call or send postal card.
When convenient, order a little in advance so that we may not fail to have the Clothing here the day you are ready.
J. B. YOST, 34 Mill Street.
Also, Dealers in Gent's Furnishing Goods.

Ely's Cream Balm For
CATARRH
THE POSITIVE CURE.
The Cure for Catarrh, Cold in Head, Hay Fever, Deafness, Headache.
Ely's Cream Balm 50c
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

FERGUSON & WESTON,
—OPTICIANS,—
39 S. Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
Opera Glasses, Field Glasses, Barometers, Thermometers, Spectacles, Eye Glasses. EYES EXAMINED FREE.

You Should See
—THE—

Low Down Binder
It will cut and bind from 8 to 12 acres a day of Rye, Wheat or Oats with two horses. Can drive it through a 10 ft. gate, or house it in a small space.
Good reference given and satisfaction guaranteed.
Samuel Goslin & Son,
Newportville, Bucks Co.

NOTICE.
THE UNDERSIGNED HAS PURCHASED the interest of Roberts & Goodwin in the Lumber business and will hereafter conduct the same, at the old stand, on Otter street, Bristol, under the supervision of Jos. Goodwin, of the old firm.
We shall endeavor to meet the wants of the trade and hope to share your custom by attending to business and selling at the lowest cash prices.
FRED. LEIBFREID.

FOR SALE
ON EASY TERMS, THE FLOUR AND FEED Store, Coal Yard, Business Stand and Private Residence, situate Nos. 25, 27, 29, 31 and 33 Bath Street, belonging to the estate of Henry M. Wright, deceased, and now occupied by Edward Leedom & Son. Apply to
JOHN C. STUCKERT, Bristol, Pa

DR. H. D. FENIMORE,
VETERINARY SURGEON,
Graduate of the American Veterinary College of New York
Messages sent to 413 High Street, or The Burlington Club Stable, on Union St., back of the Market house, will receive prompt attention. Telephone No. 8, Burlingon, N. J.

JESSE O. THOMAS,
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BRISTOL, PA.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.
Salary and Expenses paid or commission if preferred. Salesmen wanted everywhere. No experience needed. Address, stating age. The C. L. Van Dusen Nursery Co., Geneva, N. Y.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6 1891

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK – Arrives at 7.00, 10.15 A. M., 4.15 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8.15, 11.30 A. M., 1.00, 6.15 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA – Arrives at 7.00, 7.15 A. M., 1.00, 5.00, 7.15 P. M. Closes at 5.45, 10.00 A. M., 2.15, 6.30 P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE – Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and leaves at 8.08 A. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c. – Arrives at 10.10 A. M. Closes at 11.15 A. M.

BELVIDERE DIVISION – Arrives at 10.45, A. M., 3.12, 7.30 P. M. Close at 7.00, 10.00 A. M.

FALLSTOWN, PENN VALLEY, MORRISVILLE – Arrives at 10.15 A. M., 3.30 P. M. Closes at 7.00 A. M., 4.00 P. M.

TRENTON – Arrives at 7.00, 10.00 A. M., 3.30, 7.15 P. M. Leaves at 7.00, 8.15 A. M., 1.00 and 6.15 P. M.

WESTERN – Arrives at 7.15, 10.00 A. M. Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

W. H. H. FINE, P. M.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Leave Bristol for Phila., (Broad St.) *2 46, 5 35, 6 30, 6.53, 7.21, 7.43, *8.12, 8 23, * 9.14, * 9 19, 9.52, *10.26 A. M. 12 07, 1.01, *1.34, *2 41, *3 03, 3.12, 4.01, *4.58, *5.41, 5.46, 6.25, *7.00, *7.32, 8.51, 9.27, 11.21 P. M. Sunday trains, *2.46, 7.00, *8.11, 9.00, *9 19, *10.26, A. M. *12 01, 12 25, 5.05, 5.43, *7.21, 7.30, *8.03, 8.51, 9.28, *11.03 P. M.

Leave Phila. (Broad St) for Bristol, 12.01, 6 07, 6.28, *6.50, 7.32, *8.25, 8.30, 10 01, *11.11 A. M. 12 01, 1.10, 1.50, 2.43, 3 32, *4.00, 4 20, *5.00, 5.02, 5.25, *6 00, 6.01, 6 21, *7.03, 7.27, 9.17, *10 00, 10.28, 11.31 P. M. Sunday trains, 12 01, 7 40, *8.25, *8.30 9.12, 11.45, A. M. 2.06, *5.28, 5.53, *7.03, 7.25, *8.12, 10.25 P. M.

(*) Express trains

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—A party of young folks from this place had an enjoyable straw ride to Turkey Hill, last evening.

—The summer meeting of the Bucks county Medical Society was held at the residence of Dr. Howard Pursell, yesterday afternoon.

Joseph Bannister, Esq , has moved into the residence on Radcliffe street, lately purchased by him of the Elizabeth Paxson estate.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol Postoffice, August 6, 1891: Richard Bond, V. P. Gorman, Chas. Titus, Jr., Albert Walsh, Jim Kid.

—The Directors of the Bristol Cemetery Company held a meeting last Saturday. The regular semi-annual dividend of 3 per cent. was declared.

—A Fourth-warder, by the name of James Dugan, was arrested by officer Hines and Tice, on Saturday afternoon, for having too large a cargo of intoxicants on board. He was given a hearing before 'Squire Louderbough on Tuesday morning, and in lieu of the payment of the usual fine was given twenty-four hours in the station-house.

—The regular monthly meeting of the Bristol Building Association was held at the office of the Secretary, A. Weir Gilkeson, on Monday evening. A twelfth series of stock was issued, 201¼ shares being disposed of. Loans were made as follows: Five shares at 17 cents. 5¼ shares at 16 cents and 6 shares at 11 cents.

—The window of the small notion store of Daniel McCafferty, situated on the upper side of Washington street, just above Pond, was broken by a thief on Tuesday night, and some stockings and handkerchiefs displayed therein were taken by the robber. The robbery occurred about 11.20 o'clock, according to John McIlvaine, who lives next door and who was aroused by the noise of cracking glass. The thief escaped and as yet no clue to his identity has been discovered.

—Dan Martin, the drover, who lives on Otter street, is under bail for an appearance at Court on a charge of assault and battery on Annie Massey, an ebony-hued female who lives on Forge Road. Daniel was driving his cows along that thoroughfare, on Saturday afternoon, when some of the animals thought the truck-patch belonging to the Masseys contained some excellent forage and they accordingly proceeded to explore the place. The woman drove the cows out, which exasperated Martin, who, after hurling a few choice epitaphs at the woman, threw a stone at her, hitting her on the head, inflicting a cut which bled profusely. Annie at once had a warrant issued by 'Squire Louderbough, which was served by officer Wilkinson. After hearing the evidence the 'Squire held the accused in $300 bail for Court, John McGinley becoming his surety.

—Bristol, Pa., has a Mozart. He is an inventor—not a composer. Mr. J. Mozart, an employee of the Union News Company, at Bristol Station, is a violinist of considerable ability, and has recently invented a new instrument on which he has learned to play with great skill. The musical wonder consists of a box of silkwood, which Mr. Mozart brought from South America. To this he has added a fingerboard resembling that of a guitar. Only one nail was used in its construction, the inventor employing a cement of his own preparation. It has five strings made of hemp and a bridge similar to that of a violin.—Music and Drama.

The above article has been going the rounds of several of the Philadelphia papers and refers to Josiah Bozarth, not Mozart, as stated in the above.

PERSONAL MENTION.

The Misses Barton are sojourning at Pitman Grove.

Rev. J. S. Cook and wife are at Ocean Grove.

Misses Emma and Anna Foster are at Ocean Grove.

Mrs. Elizabeth Headley has returned from Wernersville, Pa.

Miss Emily Rousseau is visiting her brother at Ramseys, N. Y.

Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Weaver and family are at Wildwood, N. J.

William Roberts is spending his vacation at the White Mountains.

James and William Fine went crabbing at Atlantic City, on Monday.

Wm. Davis and wife are spending a couple of weeks at Pitman Grove.

Misses Kate and Lucy Sooy are visiting relatives at Green Bank, N. J.

Miss Ada Brown, of Grafton, Dakota, is visiting Miss Mary Brown, of Mill street.

J. Edgar Sooy and James Brooks left on Monday for a two weeks' visit to Atlantic City and vicinity.

Rev. E. P. Shields, D. D., and daughter, Miss Lillian, went to Cape May on Tuesday for a several weeks visit.

Miss Virginia A. Parker, who has been at San Antonio, Texas, for several years, has returned to Bristol.

Mrs. George H. Lillibridge, of Washington, D. C., has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. I. W. Goodhue.

Mrs. Wm. Peirce, Albert Switzer, Misses Helen and May Peirce and Miss Ida Jones are at Wernersville, Pa.

Councilman George W. Strauser, the efficient member from the Second ward, and family, are at Atlantic City.

Rev. Wm. C. Hendrickson, of Newark, N. J., a former resident of Bristol, has taken up his residence on Bath street.

Paul Applebach, Esq., candidate for District Attorney on the Democratic ticket, was in Bristol yesterday furthering his interests.

Miss Lizzie Stevenson, of Trenton, N. J., formerly of Bristol, paid a flying visit to some of her friends here, on Monday.

Mrs. J. Wesley Wright has returned from a short visit to Mrs. Isaac Jeanes, of Philadelphia, at her summer residence at Chestnut Hill.

Mrs. M. B. Richardson, of St. Louis, formerly of Houston, Texas, spent several days in Bristol, the guest of Rev. and Mrs. I. W. Goodhue.

Rev. I. W. Goodhue, pastor of the Baptist church, terminates his connection with his Bristol charge on Sunday, after which he assumes charge of the Baptist church at Bryn Mawr. Previous to removing to that place he will go on a fishing trip to Anglesea, after which he will rejoin his family in a short visit to his New England home.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

Rev. R. H. Davis, D. D., of Orangeville, Pa., occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian church last Sunday.

During the absence of Rev. Dr. Shields his place will be filled by Rev. Francis Heyl, of Philadelphia, on Sundays 9th and 16th inst., and Rev. Dr. R. H. Davis, of Orangeville, Pa., on the 23rd inst.

The pulpit of the Wood-street M. E. church was filled last Sunday by Rev. Wm. Rink, a former pastor, and on Sunday next Rev. Wm. Gray, Superintendent of the Methodist Tract Society will officiate.

Rev. E. E. Burris, who is taking his vacation, assisted in the exercises at his old charge in Bethlehem last Sunday morning. In the evening he officiated at Catasauqua.

Rev. I. W. Goodhue, pastor of the Baptist church, will take for the subject of his Sunday morning discourse, "A Conquering Church." Subject for evening not announced. This will close Rev. Goodhue's pastorate here, which has been most acceptably filled by him since January 27th, 1890, when he first assumed charge of the church, being at the time a student at Crozer's Seminary. In June of the same year he was regularly ordained and has since served the church in an energetic and faithful manner. During his pastorate the growth of the church has been remarkable, as compared with former years. The congregation is loathe to lose Rev. Goodhue, and feels that it will be difficult to replace him. The best wishes of their numerous friends accompany Rev and Mrs. Goodhue to Bryn Mawr.

Dr. Harry Crookshank, of Cario, Egypt, was yesterday united in matrimony to Miss Emma Walraven Comfort, of New York, at the residence of Capt. Henry Y. Pickering, at Langhorne. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. G. E. Westmacott, rector of St. Luke's church, Newtown. Miss Bell Ward, of Orange, N. J., was maid of honor, the bridesmaids being Miss Maria Keiley, of Egypt, Miss Lillian Barnsley, Miss Helen Chambers and Miss May Pickering. J. Herman Barnsley, uncle to the bride, was best man. Dr. Crookshank is an Englishman, who has been created a Pasha by the Khedive of Egypt, in whose country he fills the important position of Director General of Prisons. Miss Comfort is a granddaughter of John Barnsley, Esq., late of Newtown, deceased, whose widow yet living was Miss Mary Hough, a cousin of General Grant. Her Grandfather Comfort lived and died in Falls township, and was a descendant of one of the early settlers.

SOCIETY NOTES.

At the meeting of Bristol Castle, No. 109, A. O K. of M. C., on Monday evening, three candidates were elected to membership. The First Degree will accordingly be conferred at the next meeting.

Hermione Lodge, K. of P., conferred the Amplified Third Degree upon one candidate, last Friday evening. The ceremonies were witnessed by a number of visiting brothers from Newtown, who were highly pleased with the fine manner the work was gone through with. One proposition for membership was also received.

State Council Secretary, Edward H. Deemer, reports that 180 new Councils of the Jr. O. U. A. M. have been organized in Pennsylvania thus far this year, making the total number of Councils in the State 578, embracing a membership of over 45,000. Councils have been started in Bucks county at Uhlersville and Pipersville, while one is being organized at Gardensville, which will be known as Rosewood Council.

Local members of the Knights of the Golden Eagle will be pleased to read the semi-annual report of Grand Master of Records, J. D. Banes, of Pa., for the six months ending June 30:

The aggregate number of initiations, admissions by card, dismissal certificates and reinstatements was 3291.

Number of members December 31, 1890, 37,280; initiated during the past six months, 3097: admitted by card and certificate, 100, reinstated, 94; withdrawn by card, 101; deceased, 135; expelled, 28; resigned, 9; rejected, 166.

The receipts of Subordinate Castles were $150,653.04. Disbursements, including investments, $150,885.91. Amount on hand invested, $448,806.71 an increase of $22,903.37.

The amount paid for relief of Sir Knights and Widowed families, burial of the dead and donations, was $60,358.63. The number of brothers receiving weekly benefits was 2664, and 41 widowed families received relief.

The highest number of initiations, etc., in one Castle was 78. 102 Castles initiated over 10 candidates; 10 Castles initiated over 50 candidates, 12 over 25, 82 over 10. 130 Castles have a membership ranging from 100 to 350. 130 Castles have over 100 members. 14 over 200. 4 over 300. The average membership per Castle in the State is 92. The aggregate membership of the 22 Castles instituted since January 1, 1891, is 1063, an average of 49. 155 Castles have funds ranging from $1000 to $9975. The average funds of each Castle in the State are $1090. The Order in Pennsylvania is located in 48 counties. Since the institution of the Grand Castles in 1876, the disbursements, including investments, have been $1,263,615.16, of which $425,598.47 has been paid for the relief of brothers, widowed families, burial of the dead and donations. During that time 18,079 members have received weekly or sick benefits.

CAUGHT ON THE FLY.

Owing to the rain on Saturday last but seven innings were played in the game between the Bristol club and their one-time victorious opponents, the Terra Cottas, of Philadelphia. Bristol returned their former defeat by inflicting a shut-out to the visitors. Coleman pitched a fine game, only one hit being made off his delivery. The score of the game is as follows:

BRISTOL.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Hoeding, 3b.	1	1	2	1	1
Knight, ss.	0	0	3	0	0
Mahan, 1b.	0	0	9	1	0
F. McDonnell, 2b.	0	1	2	2	0
R. Coleman, lf.	1	0	0	0	0
Potts, c.	1	1	3	2	0
J. Coleman, p.	1	1	0	4	1
Landreth, c.f	0	1	2	0	0
Vansant, rf.	0	1	0	0	0
Totals,	4	6	21	10	2

TERRA COTTA.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Sulzberger, cf.	0	0	0	0	0
J. Jordon, c.	0	1	11	1	0
A. Miller, 2b.	0	0	1	2	2
Russell, ss.	0	0	0	1	0
Edwards, 1b.	0	0	8	1	1
Faas, lf.	0	0	0	0	1
H. Miller, 3b.	0	0	0	0	1
C. Jordan, p.	0	0	1	5	0
Sweeney, rf.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,	0	1	21	10	5

INNINGS.

Bristol,	1	0	0	0	0	0	3	—4
Terra Cotta,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Bases stolen, Hoeding 3, J. Coleman 1. Struck out by J. Coleman 3, by C. Jordan 12. Left on bases, Bristol 2, Terra Cotta 1. Hit by pitched ball, R. Coleman, J. Coleman. Time, 1.10. Umpire, McDonnell. Attendance, 500.

The game which was to have been played with the Burlington club on Saturday, has been declared off, the "Union" club, of New Brunswick, N. J. coming instead.

Bristol lovers of base ball regret to lose Leiper, who is now with the Cape May club. Leiper did some tall ball-playing during his short connection with the Bristol club and made a good many friends in consequence.

Jack Coleman is temporarily incapacitated from filling his position of pitcher in the local club and a new pitcher named Gallagher, who hails from the Fourth ward, has been engaged. Let her go, Gallagher!

JOTTINGS, NEW AND OLD.

No endeavor is in vain:
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain.

The friendship of some people is like our shadow, keeping close while we walk in the sunshine, but deserting us the moment we enter the shade.

Prize books. Value the reading habit and cultivate it. No time is better spent than that which is given to the perusal of a worthy book. Improve your time by devoting a fair share of it to the acquisition of knowledge. Books are sources of strength and culture to the mind, as well as fountains of delight. They are legacies that genius leaves to mankind for intellectual improvement and rational enjoyment. Let us be proud of these precious voices of the living and the dead, and treasure them wisely.

In witnessing the satisfaction with which some people depreciate us, one would think that their virtues fatten on our vices.

Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity.

Aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow;
But crush'd or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

There is no happiness so great as that of a permanent and lively interest in some intellectual labor. But all people cannot depend for joy on such a source. More common interests absorb the multitude, and give delight according to their power of enjoyment. Even ordinary manual labor has its pleasure-giving quality. Happy are they who find their work and faithfully perform it. Work of any kind—honest and useful work—is a substantial blessing. Beneficent toil carries with it conscious joy. It is work that forwards the world.

It is easier for the best of us to find fault with others than to mend ourselves. Our duty in the latter direction is eclipsed by the delight we feel in pursuing the former. Of what consequence is self-improvement in comparison with the high and holy enjoyment of sharply criticising others? While we blame them it is a mistake to suppose that they praise us. There is great potency in example.

"I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar."

"Returning to town in the stage-coach, which was filled with Mr. Gilman's guests, we stopped for a minute or two at Kentish Town. A woman asked the coachman, 'Are you full inside?' Upon which Lamb put his head through the window and said, 'I am quite full inside; that last piece of pudding at Mr. Gilman's did the business for me.'"

"I have always looked upon it as the worst condition of man's destiny," says Dr. Johnson, "that persons are so often torn asunder just as they become happy in each other's society."

"I am convinced," says Edmund Burke, "that we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others.' The same thought is expressed by a French writer, who says, "in the adversity of our best friends we often find something which does not displease us." These observations imply a trait of character that is by no means creditable.

Except a living man, there is nothing more wonderful than a book!—a message to us from the head, from human souls whom we never saw, who lived perhaps thousands of miles away; and yet these, on those little sheets of paper, speak to us, amuse us, vivify us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers. RANDOM.

—Work was re-commenced at the Wilson & Fenimore Co.'s paper mill, on Monday, after the usual summer vacation.

Mrs. McLaughlin, a member of the St. Lukes' M. E. church, of Philadelphia, who was attending the camp meeting at Simpson Grove, was suddenly stricken with apoplexy on Friday morning, which resulted in her death the following day. The sad occurence cast a pall over those in the Grove.

The Soap that Cleans Most is Lenox.

RECIPROCITY WITH CUBA.

The terms by which the markets of Cuba and Porto Rica become opened to the products of this country, putting a number of manufactured articles and farm products on the free list and lowering the duties on other articles, can but be productive of advantageous results to this country. The reciprocity clause of the McKinley bill is responsible for the agreements which have been made with various of our Southern neighbors. The reciprocal arrangements which have been concluded between the United States and Spain relative to a removal of the restrictions upon commerce with Cuba and Porto Rica will prove beneficial both to the inhabitants of those islands and to the farmers and manufacturers of this country.

Sugar, molasses, coffee and hides produced in Cuba and Porto Rica are admitted into this country free, thus cheapening the cost of these staples of life, in return for which American meats, fish, fruits, oats, barley, rye, etc., are admitted into Cuba and Porto Rica free, after September 1st, 1891. The duties on wheat and corn is reduced, and after July 1st, 1892, numerous other articles will be placed on the free list, such as iron, in pigs and finished, coal, cotton, agricultural, industrial and scientific implements, butter, cheese, fruits, wood, finished and unfinished, material for public works, and many other products too numerous to specify. Secretary of State Blaine has planned wisely and well in inaugurating the plan of reciprocity, and its successful operations do much to impress his countrymen with the sense of his abilities as a statesman.

Because of the failure of Venezuela to accept the reciprocal treaty with this country one of our Democratic contemporaries, the Doylestown Democrat, endeavors to belittle the reciprocity clause of the McKinley bill. It seems at times as though Democratic partisanship blinded its devotees and gave them a distorted view of the acts of the Republican party. While some of the organs of that party unhesitatingly advocate a complete removal of the restrictions upon the importation of foreign goods believing a tariff for revenue only or absolute free trade to be the only panacea for the various public ills complained of by them, they condemn untried the plan of reciprocity which embodies in its working the exchange of our surplus products which we do not need, for the products of a foreign nation, that we do need. Their consistency and patriotism vanishes and gives place to that jealous party spirit which will not admit that any good can come from the other party. However, the people are not to be thus led, and they are prone to examine for themselves. The thoughtful men of both parties unite in extolling the plan of reciprocity and have placed the stamp of their approval upon it.

Elegant Fashion Books.

The new Fashion Journals, "La Mode," "La Mode de Paris," and "Album des Modes," published by A. McDowell & Co., 4 West 14th Street, New York, are the most elegant of their kind ever brought to our notice. The styles are drawn by the best artists; and the books are produced by rival houses in Paris, each trying to excel the other in the character of its publications. Formerly they were printed only in French; but they are now published in English for the use of American readers. These journals furnish the styles one month in advance of any similar publications; and they have a practical department, in which lessons are given each month on how to make dresses, etc. The admirable fashions, the lessons in dressmaking, and the giving of the styles one month earlier than heretofore are strong points in favor of these Fashion Books, causing them to be called "The Favorites." These excellent publications can be obtained from all newsdealers.

The Art of Crabbing.

'Tis one thing for the Izaak Walton follower to land a beautiful speckled mountain trout, and quite another for this same devotee to land as gracefully a crab, yet some of the most dexterous handling of these ungainly fellows may be witnessed at Tolchester Beach, the feeding ground of the Baltimore crab. Here also may be enjoyed splendid sailing and rowing, and an extensive musical programme has been arranged for August 9th and 23d, the days the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Company runs its excursion, leaving Broad Street Station at 8.00 A. M. in a special train via Baltimore, and down the Bay by boat. One dollar and fifty cents is the remarkably low rate for excursion tickets.

Niagara Falls of To-day.

Several years ago one's life was hardly safe after going through the nervous strain of a Niagara Falls visit in that age of extortionate hack hire and robbing fees for sight seeing, and for the pleasure one had to draw largely on the imagination. Now, however, it is a thing of the past, and the visit to this wonderful natural freak may be enjoyed without the danger of a warped pocket-book and distorted temper. No better chance for touring there in comfort is presented than by the Pennsylvania Railroad's special train of Pullman Parlor Cars and Day Coaches, which leaves Broad Street Station at 8 00 A. M., August 13th and 27th, running via the famous New York Lake region, and reaching the Falls the same evening. A Tourist Agent and Chaperon accompany the tours, and the round-trip rate embodies a stop-over privilege of ten days, and will enable tourists to visit Watkins and Rochester in either direction and Buffalo on return trip. As the tours always run very heavy it would be well to secure tickets in advance so that the Pullman space might be reserved.

A number of the young men of Easton, Pa., are organizing a military company, to be attached to the Fourth Regiment, N. G. P.

The Horsham Farmers' Club and their friends, will hold a social basket picnic at Lemon Hill, East Fairmount Park, August 13th, at which place the Solebury, Wrightstown and Northampton clubs have been invited to join them.

* "Oh, if I had only taken this medicine earlier in life, what years of suffering it would have saved me!" was the touching exclamation of one who had been cured of rheumatism by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Scores of such cases are on record.

PHILADELPHIA AMUSEMENTS.

LIST OF OPENING DATES AND ATTRACTIONS.

Peoples' Theatre, Saturday, August 15, "After Dark."

Kensington Theatre, Saturday, August 15, Lester and Williams' London Specialty Co.

National Theatre, Saturday, August 15, "My Jack."

Lyceum Theatre, Saturday, August 15, City Club Burlesque Co.

Central Theatre, Saturday, August 15, attraction unannounced.

Empire Theatre, Saturday, August 29, "O'Dowd's Neighbors"

Park Theatre, Monday, August 31, "The Little Tycoon."

Carncross' Opera House, Monday, August 31, Minstrelsy.

Chestnut Street Theatre, Monday, August 31, "A High Roller."

Arch Street Theatre, Monday, Aug. 31, attraction unannounced.

Girard Avenue Theatre, Monday, August 31, attraction unannounced.

Forepaugh's Theatre, Monday, Aug. 31, "The Phœnix."

Chestnut Street Opera House, Monday, August 31, Minna Gale.

Dime Museum, Monday, August 31, Curios.

Walnut Street Theatre, Monday, September 7, "A Wolf's Wedding."

Broad Street Theatre, Monday, September 14, Julia Marlowe.

Grand Opera House, September 21, attraction unannounced.

Kellar's Amusement Palace, Monday, October 5, Magic and Illusions.

ORIGINAL, PROGRESSIVE, RELIABLE.

From July 11th, '91, issue of Judge.

That is our estimate of James H. Birch, the alert carriage and harness manufacturer at Burlington, N. J. He has gained success because he deserved it. [The brainiest illustrated paper in America].

August Touring up the Hudson.

One great advantage in making these tours is in having a Tourist Agent to point out the various places of historic value, and this the Pennsylvania Railroad does on its personally conducted tours which are to leave Broad street Station at 7 a. m. in a special train August 6, 13, 20, 27, making all the principal stops to Bristol and connecting at Jersey City with the iron steamer "Cygnus." On the return trip this special train leaves Jersey City upon the arrival of the steamer.

No Eastern river holds the historic associations of this palisaded stream, bearing the name of one of New York's earliest pioneers. From the busy mart of the metropolis to the quiet waters washing the Newburg shore rolls on a constant changing panorama, where almost every rock has its story to tell, and where now stand the millionaire palaces once stood the wigwam and the trapper's hut. The entire round-trip, including the rail and boat ride, is but $2.50, and an elaborate musical programme has been arranged for each excursion.

*The distension of the stomach which many people feel after eating, may be due to improper mastication of the food; but, in most cases, it indicates a weakness it indicates a weakness of the digestive organs, the best remedy for which is one of Ayer's Pills, to be taken after dinner.

Along the Coast.

Now that the Jersey coast resorts are making their "hay" nothing is more interesting than a visit, if simply to see the crowd, which has its peculiar attraction for so many. A very happy and inexpensive medium for visiting three of the prominent resorts are the excursions to Ocean Grove, Long Branch, and Asbury Park via the Pennsylvania Railroad from Broad Street Station every Wednesday, and from Market Street wharf every Tuesday and Thursday. The train leaves at 7.00 A. M., thus affording ample time at the shore, and the round-trip rate is but $1 50, and children half that rate. Surely $1 50 is a remarkably low rate for a day by the sea.

Iron Ties and Stone Ballasted Roadbed.

Little or nothing is heard now of the claims of iron ties in preference to wooden ones on railroads, it having been found that while they saved the expense of replacing and purchasing new wooden ones, they made in turn a very hard bed for the track and were very damaging to the general equipment, owing to the fact that they did not permit elasticity and spring. The very best roadbed, not only from a point of economy, but for perfect comfort, is the one constituted of hard ballasted stone and wooden ties, the best examples of which are those built by the Pennsylvania Railroad, noticeably on its MAIN LINE and its DOUBLE LINES to Atlantic City.

CURE YOURSELF!

Don't pay large doctors' bills. The best medical book published, one hundred pages, elegant colored plates, will be sent you on receipt of three 2 cent stamps to pay the postage. A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass.

My Head was Fairly Rotten.

And how much I suffered it is hard to describe. That loathsome disease, catarrh, caused the above, and the doctors said they could not relieve me. I paid hundreds of dollars, for which I received no benefit. I got more good from two bottles of Sulphur Bitters than from all the money I paid to doctors. I shall continue the Sulphur Bitters, as I have great faith that will cure me. —S. M. Day, 41 Hanover St., Boston.

*I SUFFERED from acute inflammation in my nose and head—for a week at a time I could not see. I used Ely's Cream Balm and in a few days I was cured. It is wonderful how quick it helped me.—Mrs. Georgie S. Judson, Hartford, Conn.

☞ If current rumors are true Humphrey's Good Samaritan is the best Liniment in the world for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains and Bruises. Ask Franklin Moss, the blacksmith, what he knows about it.

Merit Wins.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their popularity purely on their merits. John K. Young, Druggist.

Happy Hoosiers.

Wm Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50c. a bottle, at John K. Young's Drug Store.

Will Fight to a Finish.

A long as the fight lasts among the wall paper manufacturers, the Fidelity Wall paper Co., of No. 12 N. 11th Street, Philadelphia, will give the public the advantage of the drop in prices. We get this from them direct. Send four two-cent stamps for samples of their ten, twelve and fifteen-cent gilts.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Jno. K. Young.

GETTYSBURG.

The Passenger Department of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company has issued an attractive little book on "Gettysburg, Its Battlefields, Its Heroes and Its Monuments," which is an illustrated guide to that Mecca of patriotic Americans, and gives full information as to how it may be reached over the new and direct route via the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. The book gives a clear and succinct account of the great battle, contains portraits of some of the commanders on either side, with views of many interesting points of the Battlefield and illustrations of a number of the handsome monuments which have been erected to commemorate the heroism of the troops engaged in the noted struggle. The book is neatly printed and bound in illuminated covers, and is issued free at the various ticket offices of the company.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE.

The Northern Pacific Wonderland embraces a list of attractions simply unequalled. The Twin Cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis at the head of navigation on the Mississippi, Duluth, Ashland and the Superiors at the head of Lake Superior; to the westward the Lake Park Region of Minnesota, the Red River Valley wheat fields, Valley of the Yellowstone, Yellowstone National Park, Bozeman and the Gallatin Valley, Helena and Butte, Missoula and the Bitter Root Valley, Clarks Fork of the Columbia, Lakes Pend d'Oreille and Cœur d'Alene, Spokane City and Falls, Palouse, Walla Walla, Big Bend and Yakima agricultural districts, Mt. Tacoma and the Cascade Mountains, Tacoma, Seattle, Puyallup Valley, Snoqualmie Falls, Puget Sound, the Columbia River, Portland and the Willamette Valley, Gray's Harbor and City Willapa Harbor and City of South Bend, Victoria on Vancouvers Island, Alaska on the north and California on the south.

The Northern Pacific runs two daily express trains with Dining Car and complete Pullman service between St. Paul and Tacoma and Portland via Helena and Butte with Through Tourist and Vestibuled Pullman Sleepers from and to Chicago via the Wisconsin Central, and first class through sleeping car service in connection with the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.

Passengers from the east leaving St. Louis in the forenoon and Chicago in the afternoon, will make close connections with the morning train out of St. Paul at 9 a.m. the following day; leaving Chicago at night, connection will be made with Train No. 1 out of St. Paul 4.15 the next afternoon.

Yellowstone Park Season, June 1st to October 1st.

District Passenger Agents of the Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying information, rates, maps, time tables, etc., or application can be made to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

Write to above address for the latest and best map yet published of Alaska—just out.

*FOR THREE weeks I was suffering from a severe cold in my head, accompanied by a pain in the temples. Ely's Cream Balm was recommended to me. After only six applications of the Balm every trace of my cold was removed.—Henry C. Clark, New York appraiser's Office.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Spring and Summer trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

*A salary with expenses paid will come handy to anyone who is now out of employment, especially where no previous experience is required to get the position. If you want a position, see advertisement headed, "A Chance to Make Money."

Miscellaneous

I KNOW THE TIMES ARE HARD—hard for you and hard for me. But don't let your teeth suffer. A few weeks may add dollars to the expense and sensitiveness to the treatment. Caries encroaches insiduously and may devitalize a pulp. Nature is ever changing the edentulous gums, and the mouth will lose its true proportion, thus destroying the symmetry and beauty of the face. "A stitch in time will save nine," yes, ninety-nine.

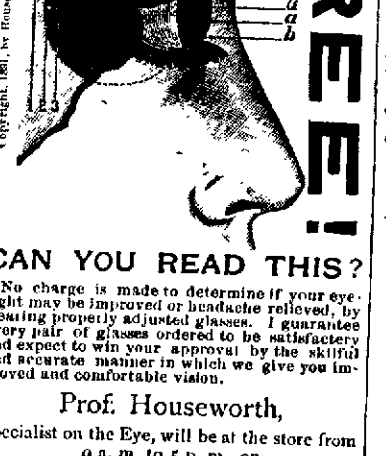
DR. G. W. ADAMS,
No. 3, Mulberry Street, Bristol, Pa.
Gas Administered. Out of office on Second day.

ONE DAY ONLY!

Wednesday, August 12, 1891.

The Steamer FLORENCE will leave Bristol for Philadelphia at 10.45 a. m., instead of 8.15. Returning leave Arch street wharf, Philadelphia, at 2.30 as usual. An early morning trip will be made to Chestnut Grove from Florence, for the benefit of the Florence M. E. Sunday-school, returning by an extra trip of the Florence in the evening.

OPTICAL



CAN YOU READ THIS?

No charge is made to determine if your eyesight may be improved or headache relieved, by wearing properly adjusted glasses. I guarantee every pair of glasses ordered to be satisfactory and expect to win your approval by the skillful and accurate manner in which we give you improved and comfortable vision.

Prof. Houseworth,

Specialist on the Eye, will be at the store from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., on

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19th.

B. C. FOSTER, Watchmaker and Jeweler,

Corner Mill and Wood Sts.

☞ Particular attention given to Repairing Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. All work done at home by practical workmen, and warranted to give satisfaction.

Miscellaneous

To Rent.

HOUSE NO. 24 GARDEN STREET, IN good condition; $7.50 per month.
Apply to J. T. THORNE,
33 Market St., Bristol.

HAS COME TO STAY.

Eber Strembeck

HAS OPENED A

FISH · MARKET,

AT NO. 14 MILL STREET,

Opposite W. P. Wright's Hardware Store, where he will have on hand at all times a supply of

FISH AND CLAMS,

Which he will sell at Lowest Cash Prices. He has Blue Fish, Spanish Mackerel, Fresh Cod, Sea Bass, Flounder, Haddock, Sea Trout, Porgies, other fresh and salt water fish in season. Crabs and Lobsters, and other shell fish furnished to order at short notice. Call on him.

FOR SALE.

A FIRST-RATE 2-HORSE POWER and Thresher, nearly new, made by Blaker, Newtown, Pa.

JESSE JAMES,
Trevose, Bucks County, Pa.

Charter Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AN application will be made to the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylania, on Monday, the Tenth day of August, A. D., 1891, by William Wilson, Francis Fenimore, Thomas A. Young, James Pollion and John Truempy, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of certain Corporations," approved the Twenty-ninth day of April A. D., 1874, and the supplements thereto, for a charter for an intended Corporation to be called "The Wilson and Fenimore Company," the character and object of which is "manufacturing Paper Hangings, Window Shadings and Wall and Ceiling Decorations of all kinds" and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

A. WEIR GILKESON, Solicitor.

An Ordinance

DEFINING THE DUTIES OF THE TREASURER OF THE BOROUGH OF BRISTOL WITH REGARD TO THE DEPOSIT AND DISBURSEMENT OF FUNDS AND THE CARE OF APPROPRIATIONS, AND PROVIDING FOR THE GIVING OF A BOND BY THE SAID TREASURER.

SECTION 1. The Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol do ordain, That from and after the passage of this ordinance it shall be the duty of the Treasurer of the Borough of Bristol to deposit all funds received from any source whatever, in the Farmers' National Bank of Bucks County, or in such other depository as the Burgess and Council of the said Borough may hereafter designate, in the name of whoever may be Treasurer for the time being, as "Treasurer of the Borough of Bristol."

SEC. 2 It shall be the duty of the Borough Treasurer to keep in a book provided for the purpose, separate accounts of all the appropriations made by Council and he shall enter to the debit of said accounts the various orders drawn against the several appropriations when the same are presented for payment, and no order shall be accepted or paid by the Treasurer unless it states upon its face the appropriation to which it is to be charged. The Treasurer shall furnish a statement of the condition of the appropriations to the chairmen of the respective committees of Council whenever requested so to do, and he shall also present to the stated meetings of Council in October and March of each year, a full account of receipts and expenditures verified by the signatures of at least two members of the Finance committee.

SEC. 3 Whenever any appropriation has been exhausted by the payment of orders drawn thereupon, no further payment shall be made on account thereof until Council shall, by ordinance or resolution, direct a sufficient amount to be transferred thereto from some other appropriation or from funds not set apart for a specific purpose.

SEC. 4. The Treasurer shall give bond for the faithful discharge of the duties of his office in such form and amount and with such sureties as shall be approved by the Finance committee, subject to further approval of Council. Should individuals be offered as sureties there shall be at least one surety for each $5,000 of the amount of the said bond.

SEC. 5. All ordinances or parts of ordinances conflicting here with are hereby repealed.

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber this 13th day of July, A. D., 1891.

FRANCIS FENIMORE, Burgess.

Attest—J. Wesley Wright, Clerk.

An Ordinance

TO REQUIRE THE PAVING OF THE SIDEWALKS ON BOTH SIDES OF GREEN STREET AND RICHARDS STREET.

The Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of Morrisville, Pa., do ordain:

SEC. 1. That the property-owners on both sides of Greene street and Richards street shall pave the sidewalks in front of and along their respective premises with brick, flag or concrete, in accordance with the grades already established by ordinances passed August 18th, 1887.

SEC. 2. The paving on Green street shall be laid in the center of the sidewalk, as now located and not less than three feet on each side of the center line of same. The paving on Richards street shall be laid in the center of the sidewalk as now located, and not less than two feet on each side of the center line of same. All pavements shall be laid at an elevation of one-half inch to the foot, from the curb line.

SEC. 3. All owners of property on both sides of the above-mentioned streets are hereby required to pave, in accordance with the foregoing sections on or before October 1st, 1891.

SEC. 4. All paving shall be done under the supervision and to the entire satisfaction of the Street Committee.

SECTION 5. If any owner or owners of property on either side of the above-mentioned streets, shall neglect or refuse to comply with the provisions of this ordinance, it shall be the duty of the Street committee to proceed to have the said sidewalks paved, in front of and along the premises of the property owner or owners so neglecting or refusing, in accordance with provisions of this ordinance, and the said Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of Morrisville will proceed to collect the cost thereof, with 20 per cent. advance thereon, in accordance with the provisions of the Act of Assembly in such cases made and provided.

SECTION 9. All ordinances or parts of ordinances in any way or manner conflicting with the provisions of this ordinance, are hereby repealed.

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber in the Borough of Morrisville, this fifteenth day of July, A. D., 1891.

JOHN KNOWLES, President of Council.

Attest:—ISAAC PARSONS, SR., Sec'y.

Approved this fifteenth day of July, A.D., 1891

JOHN KNOWLES, Burgess of Morrisville Borough

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

At Bristol, in the State of Pennsylvania at the close of business, July 9th, 1891.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$437,300 51
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	40,000 00
Stocks, securities, judgments, claims,	53,428 19
Due from approved reserve agents	69,537 44
Due from other National Banks	1,928 01
Due from State Banks and Bankers,	151 92
Banking-house furniture, and fixtures	9,500 00
Current expenses and taxes paid	1,240 94
Checks and other cash items	5,321 48
Bills of other Banks	465 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and pennies	140 43
Specie	15,[illegible] 00
Legal tender notes	2[illegible] 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5 per cent. of circulation)	1,800 00
TOTAL	$659,133 95

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 92,220 00
Surplus fund	105,000 00
Undivided profits	10,784 00
National Bank notes outstanding	31,530 00
Dividends unpaid	543 00
Individual deposits subject to check	372,856 90
Due to other National Banks	46,200 36
TOTAL	$659,133 95

State of Penna., County of Bucks, ss.

I, Charles E. Scott, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly affirm that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 17th day of July, 1891.

W. H. BOOZ, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:

ANTHONY SWAIN, BENJ. J. TAYLOR, L. A. HOGUET, } Directors

An Institution of National Reputation.

Peirce College of Business and Shorthand,

Record Building, Second, Third & Fourth Floors, 917-919 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

For years an annual enrolment of more than a thousand students. 1264 students last year. A Faculty of thirty specialists.

Morning, Afternoon and Night Sessions.

Private Classes in German and French.

Fall term begins Monday, August 31. Application in advance necessary. Sittings Limited. Procure descriptive College Annual, etc.

THOMAS MAY PEIRCE, PH. D.,
Principal and Founder.

Graduates successfully assisted to positions.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

HER YEAR IN HEAVEN.

It is a year today, we said,
Since she was numbered with the dead;
A year that we have been alone,
Remembering her slightest tone,
And listening vainly for the fall
Of her light feet along the hall;
A year that we have daily seen
Her vacant chair. Yet all serene
The summer days move grandly by
In pomp of royal pageantry;
The morning with its crystal bars,
The purple midnight gemmed with stars,
The sunset with its glorious bright,
The lake beneath the moon's calm light;
With all these charms around us spread,
We pity her for being dead.

We laid the form we cherished so
Out where the fair, meek daisies blow,
And planted heart's ease o'er her breast,
The symbol of her peaceful rest;
And wrote the name so often said
On gleaming marble at her head;
And sun and cloud and moon and star
Alternately her watchers are.
And yet, we say, she is not there,
But has her being other where.
So far remote from mortal eyes
We know not where her heaven lies,
And, ah, the silence! echoing back
But our own cries! We see no track
To the far skies, no faintest trace
That leads to her new dwelling place.

We ask each other day by day,
How fares she since she went away?
What does she do at morn, at eve,
Today, tomorrow? Does she grieve
That we her pleasure may not share?
Or has she dearer comrades there?
Or does she wait—seeing the end—
With patience infinite, and send
Us loving thoughts across the space
That hides from us her happy face,
And, knowing that we love her still,
Yield trustingly to God's wise will?
Perchance her raptures are so sweet,
Twelve months have passed with pinions fleet,
And she has had so blest a year
She pities us for being here.
—Buffalo Commercial.

Mining in Ancient Greece.

The pious old General Nicias had 1,000 slaves hired out in the Laurium mines perhaps at the very time when he was sacrificing the flower of the Greek race before Syracuse to the changes of the moon, and the remnant of his beaten army only had a taste of poetic justice when they lay rotting as prisoners in the Silician stone quarries. Labor grew dear, however, notwithstanding humanity was cheap, for food constantly advanced.

The medimmus (thirty-four to thirty-five kilograms) of wheat sold in Solon's time for a drachma had risen to two or three drachmas in the days of Aristophanes, to five or six in Demosthenes' lifetime, and still later to eighteen. And so, underfed and overworked and buried alive in the bowels of the earth, the slaves at last revolted. According to Thucydides, 20,000 of them escaped to the Spartan camp at Decelela during the later years of the Peloponesian war. That their lot was a cruel one goes without saying. Blasting powder was a thing of the distant future and hoisting machinery practically unknown.

The pulley may have been used in vertical shafts, but as a rule the ore—every bit of it chipped out with pick and hammer—had to be carried up in goat skins on the slaves' backs. It could have been no picnic for the slaves, who in this way "toted" more than 100,000,000 cubic meters of ore up through the tortuous passages and galleries of these ancient mines. It was dangerous business, too, as one may infer from the fact that contracts were made, not to return the slaves in safe and sound condition, but only to make the number good.—Engineering Record.

Morbid Winking by Miners.

Dr. Snell persists in his opinion that there is no reason for supposing that nystagmus or the nervous disease which manifests itself in a morbid winking of the eye, so common among miners, is attributable to working by the imperfect light of the safety lamp. The fact that the complaint is found among the workers with naked lights is in itself sufficient to throw doubt upon the long prevalent theory.

The government inspector of mines for the midland district notes, on Dr. Stokes' authority, the case of a man who, after working with the Davy lamp for fourteen years without injury, proceeded to work at a pit where candles were used. He had been employed there for three and one-half years, and during the last twelve months he experienced symptoms of nystagmus, and had ultimately to leave work and seek medical aid.

Dr. Snell has collected a mass of facts and a record of a large number of instances of men suffering from the affection, which will, he believes, be very corroborative of the views he has before set forth, namely, that the prime cause of the affection is to be found in the position assumed by the miner at his work.—London News.

A Ventilation Register.

Many mines in the anthracite region have introduced an instrument devised for registering the ventilating pressure and indicating when the volume of air furnished by the ventilating fans falls below the required amount. A small tube running from the return airway at the ventilating machine or in the mine connects with a flexible diaphragm, and any change in the density of the air in the mine at once causes a movement of this diaphragm, which actuates a registering pen and make a continuous record upon a revolving circular chart. The chart is rotated by a clock, and is divided into spaces for seven days and seven nights. A continuous record of the condition of the ventilation is thus kept for one week, at the end of which a new chart is needed.—New York Telegram.

Walking the Best Exercise.

One of the most noted of New York physicians insists that no exercise in the gymnasium is so perfect and calls naturally into play so many muscles at once as brisk walking in the open air, in correct position and loose clothing, and with some light burden in the hands. And perhaps if the statement be strong, five or six years of this sort of exercise might make an excellent basis for athletic improvement, especially among women, whose gymnastic work is said to be erratic rather than regular or sustained, and taken without regard to dietetic and hygienic conditions.—New York Sun.

Holland has some peculiar customs. In many towns bulletins are affixed to the doors of houses in which persons are sick, in order that their friends may be apprised of the state of their health without knocking or ringing, and in Haarlem the birth of a child is announced by means of a small placard adorned with red silk and lace.

Molds for casting iron can only be made in sand. Iron or other metallic molds chill the iron and it does not fill well. The great heat at which iron melts will burn any other material, or will stick so as to break the mold.

Though in society it is useful to bear in mind the maxims of cynicism, it is indispensable to forget them in intercourse with friends.

An Old Hotel.

Traveler (trying to write his name on a hotel register)—This is an historic hostelry, I believe?

Host (proudly)—Yes, sir, one of the oldest hotels in this section, sir.

"So I supposed—from the pens."—Good News.

When a casual acquaintance makes confidences to you which you do not want, you may suspect that his motive is to invite your own.

A Tired Skeleton.

Living Skeleton (only one in America, at dime museum)—These folks make me tired.

Sympathetic Visitor—In what way?

"Here I am earning $500 a week as the greatest living skeleton, yet hour after hour, day in an day out, one old woman after another stops an chins an chins at me about the things I ought to eat to get fat."—Good News.

When in the country you may imagine that you help the haymakers by jabbing the horses with the pitchfork and getting tangled up in the reins, but you do not, and they will probably tell you so.

HONOR AMONG THIEVES.

A CASE OF CLEVER ROGUERY TOLD BY AN OLD DETECTIVE.

How a Visitor to the Metropolis Was Robbed of His Money Twice—Neat Scheme of Some Rascals to Prove the Honesty of One of Their Number.

"Have I met with much honor in my career?" replied an old detective to a reporter's question the other day.

"Yes, honor."

"What kind of honor and where?"

"Among thieves."

"Oh, that kind," said the rogue catcher with a laugh. "Yes, I have met with a good deal of that characteristic you mean when you say 'Honor among thieves,' but it's not honor, it's only selfishness, self interest, self preservation, and it wilts whenever it pays better to cast it aside.

"But I have just heard of a rather remarkable display of this sort of honor, which occurred in this city not long ago.

"An elderly man, a typical hayseed, who had come to town to see the sights, accosted a policeman on the Bowery and told him with tears in his voice that he must have been robbed of all his money, eighty dollars, for he could not find it in any of his pockets, and he did not know just where or when he had last seen it.

"The old boy had been poking about in some of the worst dives and dens of the city, and the wonder was that in his greenness he had not met with something rougher than a mere pickpocket. Nothing could be done, however, so the old fellow was advised to pawn his watch, all he had left, for enough money to buy a return ticket and in future to keep away from the wickedness of the metropolis.

"The old man set out from the police station for the pawnshop in wild despair, but in a few hours' time burst in upon the police sergeant behind the desk with the shout:

"'I've been robbed again!'

"'Again!' exclaimed the sergeant angrily; 'Have you been into the dives again? Did you pawn your watch?'

ROBBED AGAIN.

"'No,' cried old Hayseed; 'just as I was going into the pawnshop a man touched me on the arm and said he was a detective in plain clothes, sent by the police to help me to get back my money, and if I would go with him he would have it returned to me!'

"'And were you fool enough to go with him!' exclaimed the sergeant.

"'Of course I went,' said Hayseed.

"'Then you deserved to be robbed of your watch too!'

"'My watch?'

"'Yes, your watch.'

"'My watch is all right!'

"'You said you had been robbed again.'

"'So I have.'

"'But when you left here a few hours ago you said you had nothing but your watch.'

"'Neither I had.'

"'What in the mischief could they steal from you then?'

"'My money.'

"'You're drunk, you old idiot; I'll lock you in the cooler for a while till you can talk sense.'

"'Gosh all fishhooks, I am talking sense, captain! Don't lock me up, but let me tell you the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me George Washington.'

"'Go on, then,' said the sergeant, threateningly, 'but cut it short; I've wasted more than enough time over you already.'

"Then the old fellow told how he had followed the bogus detective, by devious ways and dark alleys, into a room on the top floor of a crowded tenement house. There his conductor introduced him to an other fictitious detective, who appeared to the old man to be of higher rank than his guide, owing to the bullying way in which he spoke and the deference paid him. This fellow produced the old man's eighty dollars from a drawer and counted it out slowly to him.

"'There's your money, old man,' he said, 'and the vigilance of the finest police force on earth is once more attested. No other power could have recovered it for you. Now tell me, is that every cent you lost? Be particular and do not trifle with me, as you value your liberty. Were you robbed of one cent more than the eighty dollars?'

"'No,' replied the old man, trembling with delight at the recovery of his money 'That is all, captain, eighty dollars.'

GENEROSITY EXPLAINED.

"'Take it and go,' said the fellow, 'and be careful to let the same officer who brought you here conduct you to the railway station. Speak to no one but him, till you are safe again on your way to your country home, and leave the wicked city to city folk and the all watchful police.'

"The old man and his guide bowed themselves out and departed. They had not gone far when a burning thirst seized the conductor, and the overjoyed old fellow was not slow to appease it. More drinks followed, and the way to the railroad station began to grow tortuous. Presently Hayseed missed his guide altogether in a crowd, and no efforts on his part availed to find him. The old man got on a horse car, and when he put his hand in his pocket to pay his fare he found that his money was gone again.

"He did not understand the case at all, even then, and it took the police sergeant a long time to make him see that he had been 'played for a sucker' of the rankest kind. Finally he took it in and then he exclaimed: 'Well, gosh darn it all. I dunno which is the slickest, the rascals that done me or the police that can see through their tricks.'

"You see," added the detective by way of explanation, "one of the organized bands of criminals had spotted the old fellow the minute they set eyes on his toggery and his guileless manner. They set one of their light fingered members, the one who played the guide afterward, to rob him. The 'swag,' eighty dollars, was much less than they had expected to get, and they suspected the man who had robbed him of a lack of 'honor among thieves' and accused him of keeping back part of the plunder.

He had undertaken to show them that he was 'square,' and you have heard the clever way in which he led his simple old victim to assure the captain of the gang that eighty dollars was all he had lost, and 'honor among thieves' was once more exemplified, without costing the thieves anything, as the plunder was soon back again in the gang's treasury."—New York Tribune.

GERONIMO THE DESPERADO.

Tragic Fate of One of the Most Notorious Daredevils of Arizona.

Arizona has had a good many daring horse thieves and desperadoes, but it is doubtful whether a more thorough daredevil ever infested the territory than the Mexican renegade known as Geronimo, who was killed by a sheriff's posse while he was trying to run off a stolen horse. This fellow, whose real name was Santiago Moreno, was scarcely more than a boy, yet, like Curly Bill, so great was his nerve, skill and endurance that for several years he had been the terror of southern Arizona. He had stolen hundreds of head of choice stock, which he had run into old Mexico, had committed several stage and train robberies, and had killed more than one man. Rewards amouting to more than $4,000 were on his head. The following is the story of the chase and shooting of the desperado.

In going from Pantano to Total Wreck, Ed Vail met three Mexicans, two on horseback and the other on foot, carrying a saddle and bridle. On being questioned they could not satisfactorily account for their possession. Vail's suspicions being aroused, he made inquiries further up the road and ascertained that the saddle and bridle had been stolen from a couple of Mexicans who were working in the vicinity, and shortly afterward he was informed that three Mexicans had taken a horse belonging to M. J. Jones from the Sanford pasture. Vail telephoned immediately to Pantano, where a posse, including Tom Turner, J. M. Orosco, Logan and some others was quickly organized for the pursuit.

The police struck the trail near Pantano and followed it in the direction of the San Pedro river until darkness compelled them to stop. Orosco and Logan pushed on toward the river to arouse the settlers, and the other men went back to the rodeo at Pantano. The robbers went straight to the river, arriving at one of Heney's ranches below Tres Alamos just at dusk. Here they remained all night in one of the vacant houses. Food was given them, and they turned their horses into the pasture. All the horses were so thoroughly fagged out, especially the stolen animal, that the Mexicans were unable to get started before 9 o'clock in the morning.

Meanwhile a party consisting of Rob Hughes, Deputy Sheriff Gray, J. M. Orosco, Logan, Gibson, Sam Boone and Morgan, well armed with repeating rifles and pistols, had struck the trail near Tres Alamos, arriving at Heney's just two hours after the robbers had left. A hot chase then began, and the robbers were overtaken at about 2 o'clock near Rabell's ranch, about twenty miles further down the river. The pursuing party got within seventy yards of the Mexicans before their presence was suspected. Immediately on perceiving Hughes and Boone, who were in advance, the robbers discovered their identity by opening fire. A regular fusillade ensued, in which some twenty shots were exchanged.

At the first shot Leon, who is said to have been one of Slaughter's deputies, sprang from his horse, kneeled and threw up his hands. The leading Mexican fired three times, as his pistol shows, before receiving his death wound. As he fell to the ground Leon exclaimed, "Geronimo is no more!" and only then did the party know they had run down the notorious Geronimo, mail and train robber, murderer and horse thief. The third man fired five shots before he was disabled by a ball through the fleshy part of the thigh. While the attention of the posse was directed to Geronimo, this man, who answers to the name of Victoriano, managed to crawl away and secrete himself in the thick brush.

Many settlers had been attracted to the spot by the shooting, and it was some time before his hiding place could be found. There were two pistols found on the Mexicans, Geronimo having the regular navy Colt's and Victoriano an old style Remington. Geronimo only lived a few minutes after receiving the fatal shot. He did not speak, but only smiled as he expired.

The dead man and prisoners were taken to Benson that night. After a preliminary examination on Sunday the prisoners were taken to Tombstone on the next day by Deputy Sheriff A. N. Gray.—Tucson Star

One of Sheridan's Excuses.

An elderly maiden lady, visiting with Sheridan at a country house, had set her heart on being his companion for a walk. He excused himself on account of the badness of the weather. Soon she intercepted him attempting to escape. "So, Mr. Sheridan," she said, "it has cleared up, I see." "Why, yes," he answered. "It has cleared up enough for one, but not for two."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Real Hailstones.

During the hailstorm at Palmyra Friday some children at play on a stoop brushed up a large quantity of the hailstones as they fell and put them on a plate to melt, but instead of melting the stones remained, and upon examination it was found that all of the hail was formed around white stones about the size of peas, and in several there were fine shells. Most of the stones were transparent and of a blue white color. Several parties in various parts of the place report that they also obtained a quantity of these stones and shells, and they are all mystified to know where they came from.—Oswego (N. Y.) Palladium

Fell in Love at Ninety-one.

A farmer of Wayne, Mich., ninety-one years old, and worth $30,000, lost his wife four years ago. Last spring he saw on the street a pretty brunette twenty-two years old, became enamored, obtained an introduction and proposed. She spurned him, when he offered to make his will in her favor. This failed and he offered to deed her all his property. This also failing he became crazy and tried to hang himself. Then he was sent to an insane asylum. He walks the halls of the asylum moaning for his darling Emma.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Cat May Enjoy the Picnic.

Metaphorically speaking, you can never tell how the cat will jump in that household.

If it was a sensible cat it would jump out of the window, I should think, when they start one of their little family arguments.—New York Epoch.

Previous infidelities are most readily condoned by the person for whose sake the last was committed. Yet no one has more reason to mistrust you than the person for whose sake you have deceived another.

Four boys of Birdseye, Ind., found an old coat near the railroad and began tossing it about and beating each other with it. A bank note slipped from beneath one of the patches. The boys ripped the coat to pieces and it panned out $1,711.

The other morning while making repairs to a residence in Moulton township, O., carpenters came upon a nest of bats in a window casing. They killed 250 of the animals, which ranged in size from an inch to seven inches in length.

Hand Power to Remove Pain.

A correspondent writes to us very earnestly upon the subject of a neglected natural force—the power of the hand to remove pain and cure disease. All the ordinary ailments of humanity, he says, such as headache, pain in the back, rheumatism, etc., can be removed by gentle stroking with the tips of the fingers. He is convinced, also, that a robust husband can do much to bring a delicate wife back to health by the same method. It may be so.

That is probably why young people, aspiring to matrimonial relations, sit about the parks in couples, the males rubbing the small of the female's back with his robust arm, trying, no doubt, to endow her with his own vitality. And a further reason for suspecting that our correspondent has got hold of a valuable principle is the fact that in the moral sphere an analogous virtue undoubtedly attaches to the power of the hand. Nurses and nursery governesses are well aware of this. When inbred sin makes its appearance in their young charges they invariably expel the evil tendency by the hand.

Operators differ considerable as to the exact spot for the hypodermic injection, but it is generally behind the left ear or below the spinal column. A few prefer an application midway between the shoulders, or, indeed, anywhere that is handy; but the principle underlying the treatment called variously a box, a spank and a slap is the same.

A distinguished supporter of this moral method was once promenading her young charge upon the beach at a French seaside place, when her attention having been temporarily diverted for half an hour or so by a local beau, the young charge took the opportunity to try to drown himself. He was rescued, however, dripping and frightened, and was receiving the enthusiastic sympathy of all the French ladies around, when—enter the French nurse, who without more ado grabbed her dripping young gentleman by the arm and with a "Come 'ere, Master 'Enery!" spanked him before the assembled plage. That is the true power of the hand.—London Globe.

A Useful India Rubber Cement.

In order to fasten glass letters, figures, etc., on glass (show windows) so that, even when submerged in water for several days, they will not become detached, use an India rubber cement. The best for this purpose consists of one part India rubber, three parts of mastic and fifty parts chloroform. Let stand for several days at a low temperature to dissolve the cement. It must be applied very rapidly, as it becomes thick very soon.—New York Journal.

A Busy Man and an Errand.

A man with a rather vacant look and a hurried air, evidently a dweller in the suburbs, with many small errands on his mind beside his regular business affairs, rushed into a dry goods store the other day and said to the clerk: "I want a small doorplate."

"Don't keep them," replied the clerk.

"Don't keep doorplates?"

"No, sir."

"This is a dry goods store, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you have a carpet department, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"And sell rugs and that sort of thing?"

"Yes, sir."

"And yet you don't keep doorplates?"

"No, sir."

"Well, my advice to you and your employers, young man," said the suburban dweller, as he walked out in disgust, "is to lay in some sort of a complete stock, or retire from the business."

Then he dashed into a carpet store, and asked again for a doorplate.

"You'll find them at the hardware store," said the clerk. "We don't keep them."

"I never saw them at hardware stores in all my life," said the puzzled shopper.

"Can't help that, sir." replied the clerk.

So he tried a hardware store in this way, "You don't keep doorplates here, do you?"

"Certainly we do," said the clerk. "What size do you want? Brass or silver?" and he took down a box of them and handed out one of each kind for inspection.

"What sort of a door mat is that, sir?" thundered the annoyed customer. "Why don't you pay a little more attention to your business?"

"You said doorplate," said the clerk.

"Did I? Did I say doorplate? Are you sure?"

"Certainly, that's what you said."

"Say, young man, have you got a fool killer about the store? Because if you have, I can give him a job. Here I've been blundering all the morning into dry goods and carpet stores, asking for a door plate, when I wanted a door mat all the time. I'll go out and hire somebody to kick me!"—New York Tribune.

Boy Babies in China.

There is the well worn and now almost worn out tradition that Chinese female babies have their feet tortured by tight bandaging to make and keep them small. That practice, let us say at once, was never prevalent, except in very high society—like really tight lacing in England—and even there it is now gradually becoming obsolete. But among the sweltering millions of China there is a practice which seems to have a curious result. The mother carries her infant in a kind of bag or pannier on her back, and not—as in other countries where the dorsal carriage is affected—with the face turned outward, but—as, probably, we ought to expect in China, where everything seems to go and come by the rule of contraries—with the face turned inward.

The result of that is that the baby's nose is of necessity pressed against its mother's back, whence, no doubt, say the learned in these matters, has been evolved, in the course of ages, the peculiarly flattened or blunted nose characteristic of the Chinaman. Furthermore, Chinese girls, even when allowed to live, are little thought of. In the family generally they bear no names; they are known as No. 1 or No. 2, like convicts, and they are no more reckoned members of the family than the cat or the dog.

So when a Chinaman is asked what family he has, he counts only his boys. And a boy is treated with great honor and ceremony by the women. When he is four months old he is set for the first time in a chair, and his mother's mother sends or brings him many presents, notably among which is sugar candy. The candy is emblematic of the sweet things of life, and it is stuck to the chair to signify the hope that he may never lack such things. His first birthday is the second great day of rejoicing. He is then set upon a table in front of many things, such as ink, books, tools, etc., and whichever he first lays his hand on decides his future occupation.—Strand Magazine.

The Shrewd Dog Clipper in Paris.

It came to my mind while visiting the dog show to investigate the traffic in man's best friend, for dog dealers—or stealers—are reputed to display considerable ingenuity in their struggle for life. The real dog dealers—those who have a store and are more or less honest in their operations—are aided in their traffic by prowlers and clippers. Dogs do not generally cost the dealers much.

The clippers, of whom they are the best customers, serve as indicators, and the prowlers charge themselves with the execution of the order. The clippers know where all the valuable dogs are owned, because they are employed to clip and embellish these choice animals. As soon as a dealer has a customer for a dog of a certain breed he asks the clipper to procure the desired animal. The clipper, not caring to have any difficulty with the persons who employ him, calls upon one of these street prowlers, and the dog demanded is stolen one day or another.

The dealer gives two dollars to the clipper, who divides with his accomplice. As for the owner of the stolen dog, he will never see the animal again, so he asks the clipper to replace him. This industrious individual thus kills two birds, or two dogs, with one stone.—Paris Cor. New York Epoch.

Babies in England.

It must be sorrowfully admitted that it is only the child of well to do or cultured parents in Great Britain that is as well and wisely cared for and that is as happy as the child of Japan. There is no doubt that the average of childish comfort and happiness is very much greater in Japan than in England. Yet a well ordered English home is baby's paradise. There he is not swathed in bandages and rolled in a pillow and crowned with a nightcap; he is kept always clean and sweet; he is lightly but sufficiently clothed, and he is allowed to kick and crow and grow strong as much as ever he likes.

He is no longer put to bed in a deep wooden cradle set on wooden rockers, but in a light and airy bassinette, which either is stationary or swings lightly upon hooks. The question of stationary or moving bassinette has become somewhat vexed among mothers, many doctors favoring the opinion that it is neither necessary nor desirable that infants should be sent to sleep with rocking or swinging. The old rocking cradle had a much more fearsome motion than the swinging bassinette. Rocked by a careless or energetic person it would often make the baby ill.

Indeed, there used to be a tradition among humble mothers (a tradition which still obtains in Scotland) that if the cradle was rocked when empty the baby would certainly be ill when next put into it. The rocking cradle with its great wooden hood has had its day (and how magnificent the height of its day was may be guessed from the cradle of James I, that was shown in the Stewart exhibition)—it has had its day, and is now departing into the limbo of things obsolete and forgotten, and thither probably in the course of years the swinging bassinette will follow it.—Strand Magazine.

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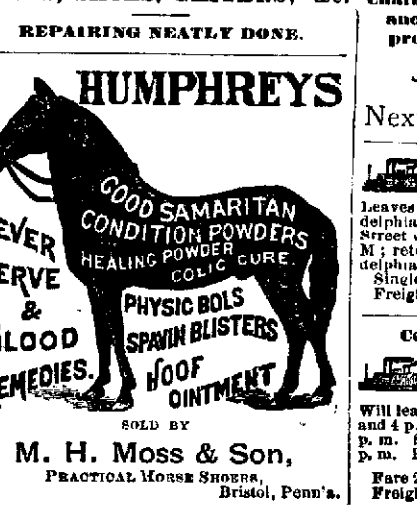

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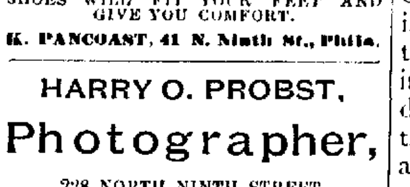

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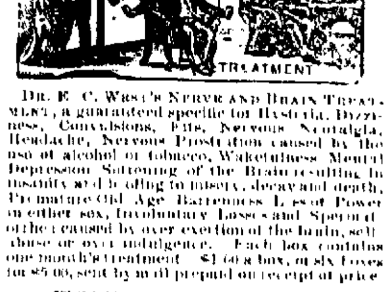

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